







1E/2

100

110

Property of

Margaret Fitzgibbon Browne

1-10 On board the Duilio

11-15 Madeira

15-21 Algiers

22 Gibraltar

23-30 Tangier

30-33 Algiers again

33-35 Cadiz

35-37 Jerez

37-56 Seville

57-68 Granada

68-73 Cordoba

73-135 Madrid

89-91 Toledo

105-107 Alcalá de Henares

120-124 Escorial

136-138 Burgos

139-140 San Sebastian

142-146 Carcassonne

146-162 Rimes

154-158 Beaucourt, Tarascon, Les Baux, Arles

158-163 Aigues Mortes, Grand Roi, Les Sts. Maries  
St. Gilles

163-166. Avignon

167-181. Paris.

179-180. Fontainebleau

182-190. Voyage home on the Homeric

190-200 New York, B. Woods portrait

194-195 Torredale

Jan. 1927 - Jan. 1928

Spain & France

January 8 to April 15, 1927



Italian Line, West 57<sup>th</sup> Street.  
New York City. 1

Jan. 8, 1927.

Went on board the Duilio about  
11.20. Sailed a few minutes  
after noon. Cold, clear day N.W.  
breeze, sea very smooth,  
quartering following seas, prac-  
tically no motion. When inside  
can hardly believe we are on  
board a ship. Ste is very ornate,  
brown woodwork, intricate panel-  
work and gilt furniture etc.  
We all <sup>have</sup> inside staterooms, very com-  
fortable but rather warm, have to  
leave doors ajar for ventilation.  
Probably they will be cooler when  
we get further north and the heat  
is shut off. Very nice places at  
the table beside a window. After  
lunch I unpeaked and got on deck  
a little before four. Lovely and still  
and quite warm in the sun.  
We stayed out until about five  
when we went in and had tea. No  
one particularly interesting looking  
among passengers as far as I see.  
Ship does not seem crowded though all  
deck chairs have names on them so  
passengers will probably appear later.



Had telegrams from Alex. Sanna and  
 Sanna and letters from Sanna,  
 Cousin David, Benny and Katherine.  
 Violet from Zoe (Gay) Prichard and a  
 big basket of fruit from Brookie &  
 Jim. After dinner we sat in the main  
 salon at little table and had coffee etc.  
 and at 10 watched the dancing in the ball  
 room for a while. Passengers seem a  
 very nice class though not particularly  
 thrilling. E. & I were had big baskets of flowers  
 which we have on our table.

Sunday Jan. 9

Rainy and misty all day but  
 sea still calm and ship wonderfully  
 steady. Read and studied Spanish but  
 didn't walk about the ship much as it  
 was too rainy. Movies in the evening in  
 the dining-room. Amusing because they were  
 so, "meh", and bad.

Monday Jan. 10

Was woken suddenly at quarters, again  
 by my trunk falling over my bed and  
 showering me with the fruit, candy etc.  
 that I had put on top of it. The ship  
 was beginning to roll all right and by  
 the time I got up for breakfast was  
 going worse. There were sacks on the table  
 all the day and at lunch time we had



quite an exciting time in the dining-room with everything sliding off the tables every now and then. A lot of forks and spoons slid off a tray on a table in the balcony over the railing and on to some people at the table in the dining-room below and the man at the next table to us got a <sup>another man got a</sup> ~~whole~~ glass of milk over his coat, and there was a ~~lot~~ crash of breaking glass and china and every body tried to grab things on the tables wherever there was a big roll. We were right in the trough of the sea and the big rollers took us exactly on the beam. Lots of people were sea sick and ~~there~~ were very few in the dining-room. None of us minded it however. By the end of the afternoon it calmed down and before we went to bed the stars were out and everyone was saying "a beautiful day to-morrow." <sup>and</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>in the morning</sup> ~~got~~ some music out of the ship's library and tried <sup>thinking it would be a good chance</sup> ~~to play~~ <sup>no few people would</sup> to play, but the music fell off the piano & the piano stool slid, so I gave it up.

Tuesday, Jan. 11.

A perfectly beautiful day. A calm sea, sun out most of the time and temp. lovely and warm. We walked for an hour round the promenade deck then went up and explored the gymnasium, trying the rowing



machine, bicycle and electric horse. Then  
 went up on the upper deck and played  
 shuffle board for about an hour. Then came  
 down and read aloud "Sailing across  
 Europe" <sup>by Regley Farnon</sup> which Nanna gave me. It is an  
 awfully nice book and we are enjoying it a  
 lot. After lunch tried "Mind Spain" by the  
 Boston publisher Joe Dietrich Rogge. Read  
 the chapter on his hour with King Alfonso  
 interesting because of its subject matter  
 but discouraging because of his vulgar  
 American tourist of the worst kind point of  
 view. He had in him an artist, etc.,  
 Devon West, and we did the illustrations  
 for the book. (except the photographs in every  
 one of which the fat author is prominently  
 posed in the foreground) and they had an  
 interesting call on Zubogon at his home  
 and studio at Zuzaya near Santander.  
 Read most of the afternoon, though I played  
 the piano a little. Some of the notes stick  
 though and there are always people round  
 so I couldn't really enjoy it. We have  
 at our table a man named Patterson,  
 a queer, longish one apparently is  
 travelling for his health after a nervous  
 breakdown brought on evidently by  
 the war. Somebody has evidently



filled him full of a philosophy of pessimism, universal world state, and almost oriental acceptance of things ~~into~~ as sure to be eventually for the best. A rather passive resignation which would maybe possible of ~~some~~ ~~one~~ ~~one~~ had plenty of money and which does not make for anything constructive or creative. The other people are two women, a Mrs. Sanford, wife of an Albany lawyer, who was in congress under Wilson, and her sister. She is going to Paris to see a daughter there in boarding school and plans to spend a few weeks in Italy first. A very decided, rather strong-minded woman, attractive looking and good style of a quiet sort, with enough intelligence to talk easily of political questions but not breadth of mind enough to keep her from being a bit too unconscious of her husband's prominence and the social position they evidently held in Albany. Her sister, we don't know her name, is much sweeter, more interested in other people and more tolerant and broader minded, much plainer looking and more of a school teacher type, though this may all be wrong as we of course don't know much about them. Mrs. S. had a set too into wine about prohibition but her arguments would rather sound hard and did not stand as well, is



very well. The other people we have met are a Mr. & Mrs. ~~Ed~~ Culbertson, a tall red faced white haired, rather English looking gentleman of 68 or so and his stout short wife whom W. & E. Knew right at the Virginia Hot Springs - just travelling de luxe in Italy & Egypt; a Mr. & Mrs. Blundy and their little 8 yrs. old girl - Mr. B. gentle and kindly but not very smiling and Mrs. B. not in evidence most of the time; and a mysterious couple of whom we have only talked to the man - a Canadian, English University man, who has evidently travelled a great deal and loves to talk about it with a faint trace of Cumbrian accent. His name is Ruddleigh and the mystery is that the pretty well dressed girl who is with him supposedly his wife is never introduced to us. In fact he hardly sees us when we're in and only sits down for long conversations about the South seas, Australia etc. when we're not on deck. We call her Lorlee as he's a bit the type in Gentleman Prefer Blondes. Though better style. She is quite Scandinavian looking and perhaps doesn't speak English.

Last night there were no more again, quiet



amusing, though rather broad and from 2.  
 identity in American film made in Paris.  
 The title in Italian translated into English  
 meaning Empire 2.

Aug. 12. Wed.

A nice day, sea calm, sky cloudy but  
 sun out occasionally. We are out of the  
 Gulf Stream and though it is still warm  
 the air is not quite as soft and relaxing.  
 Saturday we reach Madeira and are booked  
 for an all day trip ashore. American money  
 is used there so we do not have to get Port.  
 ugal. Also the steamship company has made  
 arrangements with Portugal so that passengers  
 do not have to ~~have passports~~ <sup>have passports</sup>. Got the  
 news to-day in the little news sheet  
 published on board that Coolidge has  
 made the public statement that ~~Calles~~ <sup>Calles</sup> is  
 Mexico is aiding the Revolution in  
 Nicaragua in order to embarrass the U.S.  
 interests there and if that if Calles does  
 not stop this policy the U.S. will take  
 additional steps to protect American rights.  
 A pretty sensational statement for Coolidge  
 and one that has official significance but  
 everyone knows he would not bring us  
 charges without very sufficient grounds. Had  
 some interesting news in Mexico from A. T.

Roosevelt who has ideas rises there and  
 you is building a \$15,000,000 city in  
 Florida called Venice. He says U.S. will  
 have to run things in Mexico eventually  
 and Mexico will be glad of it. Impossible  
 to have stable government themselves,  
 people, overtaxed, would welcome U.S.  
 oversight of government. Only ordinary  
 costs would object. He thinks that  
 Dallas will undoubtedly have water now  
 Coolidge has made statement. Had a nice  
 day, exercise in gym and riding about.  
 Went into smoking-room before we were to  
 bid to the auctioneer's good. Quite amusing.  
 As many women as men in there which  
 Wise says has only come about lately and  
 no drinking. Mostly agricultural, very etc.  
 one champagne but not one on the  
 voyage is for sure I see anyone who  
 has the slightest evidence of having  
 taken too much. Some cigarettes and  
 some wine or the tobacco but my limit  
 and one of the men of Americans for  
 cigars that you might expect from  
 the states.



Jan 13. Thursday.

A calm sea and absolutely windy day. Sky cloudy but sun out occasionally, warm. E. staying in bed as had an attack of indigestion last night & perhaps the *colic* we had for dinner. Food very good but inclined to be too rich unless you choose single things. Service excellent. All personnel well pleased and boat very comfortable. So many nice places to sit, and a lovely promenade deck. Stines round a mile. Had my album on deck waiting names order photos. and showed it to Mrs. Sanford. Says she wants me to paint her daughter in the autumn. Will write me about it during the summer. Went on to come to Albany stay with them and possibly borrow the studio of a friend of theirs. Seems like a real commission. Had my nails manicured this P.M. in the coffee parlor by a little Italian girl, only 70 cents. E. got up for dinner but was feeling rather shaky so we didn't go in to the mess hall, just read aloud and went to bed fairly early. We ate our wotches 35 minutes ahead every morning which isn't too tight a bit about, but they drew a bath early every morning in the <sup>stateroom</sup> <sup>stateroom</sup> to sit with wotches up.

Jan. 14. Friday

E. better this morning but didn't get up

until about eleven. Wise & I had quite  
 a lot of exercise before that, walking, in the  
 gymnasium, where they have stationary  
 bicycles, "horse" and rowing machine, and  
 playing shuffle-board. I am getting the  
 hang of that better now. There is a tourna-  
 ment this P.M. and we may watch it but  
 will not enter. After lunch C. felt tired out  
 so she went to her study-room and lay  
 down and Wise and I joined her and we  
 read aloud for a while. Then I wrote letters  
 and we had tea and a nap and got up  
 for dinner feeling practically all right.  
 To-morrow we get up early as we are  
 due at Madeira at 7 and want to see  
 some of the coast before we get to the  
 harbor of Funchal. Mr. Culbertson asked  
 to see the photos of my portraits this  
 evening and we think they may order a  
 portrait as Mrs. C. says she wants him  
 painted and may go to Manchester in the  
 summer so I could do it at Squam.



Jan. 15. Saturday Madaira

We had a most wonderful day in Madaira. Wise was up on deck as early as the lights were still lit in Funchal so we came up on Madaira and I got up a little before seven and was on deck to see the sunrise. We were still moving slowly into the harbor and <sup>the</sup> clouds and mists and early morning light on the mountains were beautiful. As soon as we dropped anchor, row boats began to come out with little boys who yelled, "10 cent, 3 dive". We threw some coins for them and they dived in getting the money before it sank. There were boats piled high with wicker furniture and others with Madaira Biers and when we went ashore in the launch after breakfast the boats surrounded us while we were getting in the launch with boys selling flowers, lovely violets and carnations. The children begging and saying "pence" were annoying at first but soon became a nuisance and in the town it was awful the way they pestered you every second. They followed the people from the boat all day with flowers and threw them into the auctioneers which we took to drive up into the mountains where the view was lovely. The whole island is terraced and cultivated and the houses

white washed or pale colors with red tiled  
 roofs. The streets very narrow and beautifully  
 cobbled. Small stores laid in gardens with  
 wonderful awnings and gardens everywhere  
 with flowers and vines ~~growing~~ <sup>climbing</sup> over the  
 walls. After taking us to one or two  
 places where we got a wonderful view of the  
 island into the harbor and ocean at our  
 feet ~~the route~~ <sup>we went</sup> ~~to~~ to a little church,  
 where the <sup>deceased</sup> Emperor Charles the husband  
 of Tita, of Austria, is buried (the last of  
 the Austria emperors). They fled to  
 Bruckner when they were deposed and lived  
 here for a while in one of the villas at the  
 Reed's Palace Hotel on the harbor. where  
 we went afternoon <sup>in</sup> tea. After he died she  
 took her children to Spain and is now  
 living there. <sup>which is a small island</sup> after we had seen the church  
 and escaped the beggars on its steps we  
 got back into the motor and were taken  
 to the Monte Palace Hotel for lunch  
 where we had on the terrace. The Hotel is  
 built up on the side of the mountain with  
 lovely gardens and of course a wonderful  
 view. After <sup>that</sup> we got to the chair seats  
 that they have for tourists and climbed  
 down the narrow, steep cobbled streets  
 and down into the village again. about



a mile and a half, I should say. Two men guide the sled into a rope, sometimes holding it back in the steep places and sometimes standing on the runners with one foot and pushing with the other, and sometimes coasting on the sled into us, but always talking Portuguese and shouting, and the people, boys, men & children all get back against the horses to let us go by at once and say "good-bye". The downways walls, wall fountains and houses were wonderfully picturesque as we went down, and all the way we passed boys twirling up with sleds on their heads. It seemed a terrible exertion and quite often the boys were quite tired and the men worked behind making them do the hard work. We also passed peasants twirling up with huge baskets of wine or bundles on their heads, and all through the town the people, children & all carry baskets or picturesque jars or bundles on sticks, and often drag carts of wine and other loads on sledges over the cobble. There are certainly extremes in traffic with the men and the automobiles (all American makes, as they need the power in the hills) and nothing between. There are certainly sleds too for men with a boy to lead and a man to guide the men into a street and they go off smiling.

than any, at least the oxen are quiet, the  
 men and boys aren't, and it is a wonder they  
 are <sup>not</sup> driven by the shrieking automobiles.  
 We took some of these ox sleds to the  
 Hotel Polare Hotel for tea, a very nice English  
 hotel with many English there and we saw  
 much walking around and children with  
 their governesses. After tea we took an  
 automobile back to the shops where we  
 got some winter furniture for our  
 house, a big basket such as the man carrying  
 for Tony and I got some embroidered  
 quilts, covers, the nightgowns etc. seemed  
 just as expensive as at home as I  
 didn't get any. Then we went down to  
 the beach and watched them loading  
 boats, wonderfully picturesque. They  
 have high <sup>grows</sup> ~~frames~~ for a dapt and are  
 pulled out by oxen and pushed back  
 by the men. Among other things they were  
 loading a black pig who evidently did  
 not want to leave Funchal for the  
 other town, on the island they were bound  
 for. After that we went back to the Hotel  
 and watched the lights come on in  
 the main life class, until we pulled  
 out about 6.45 P.M. The vegetation on  
 the island was of course not at its



night at this season but the flowers  
 were lovely and when everything is in full  
 bloom it must be simply marvelous.  
 The thing I liked best was the kanakia  
 trees, several with pink or white flowers.  
 The bougainvillea, mimosa, rose bushes,  
 bougainvillea, geraniums about 15 ft high  
 and all the smaller flowers including  
 lovely sweet smelling, white lilies were  
 everywhere, some on the flowers. The  
 trees were cyprus, now without leaf.  
 cypresses in the graveyard, pines, bananas and  
 sugar cane and cactuses everywhere.  
 Jan. 16, Sunday.

E. seemed to spend the long day  
 pretty well yesterday but was taken  
 sick again in the night so wife had to  
 for her this morning. He says it is simply  
 getting overinduced when his digestion is not  
 yet strong enough after his B.P. attack to  
 start it. E. stayed in bed all day to-  
 day feeling quite miserable but was better  
 tonight and will be able to land at 4 p.m.  
 tomorrow. I wrote letters about all  
 day and packed my things + L.B.  
 Jan. 17, Monday.

We departed 2200 at 4 p.m. at  
 11.15 and was up in deck about 7.45.

We lay in Algiers, bay well all the  
 north was almost directly east of us  
 and it was a most impressive sight  
 with the sun behind it. E. felt quite  
 weak after we was dressed as we got  
 the M<sup>r</sup>. in to give her something to drink  
 for us, but some brandy did the trick in  
 next stage. She was not well enough  
 to make the landing at Gib. and  
 with that for the Algerians boat we were  
 put in motor boat, had all our luggage  
 put on board down the bay gay people  
 and E. got on board all right and felt  
 much stronger when we were actually  
 underway. We had a nice trip across the  
 bay to Algiers and landed there going  
 through the customs without any difficulty.  
 Some funny little carriages took us and  
 our luggage to the Hotel Reine Christine  
 our rooms are lovely with balconies  
 overlooking the gardens which are  
 quite typical with their date palms  
 etc. E. lay down and had tea and then  
 we sat in her balcony in the sun  
 until lunch time and she felt much  
 better. We shall stay here for a few  
 days until she gets absolutely all  
 right again. To her trips to Gib. and



Targies if one feels able to. The hotel is  
 very nice indeed, most of our guests English,  
 and very English of a nice class. After lunch  
 I lay down and went round asleep as I  
 felt quite tired not having had very long  
 nights in the boat because of the change in  
 time every morning. Also our bedrooms  
 were rather noisy as many people passing  
 in the corridors. About four o'clock and I  
 took a walk in the town as I wanted to  
 get an idea of where I could go to visit  
 to - now. Nice clean cobbled streets,  
 white-washed houses, swarms of children,  
 healthy looking and much better dressed  
 than the ragged ones in Madras but  
 begging for pennies almost as much.  
 I told one little girl in Spanish that  
 I was a poor lady and hadn't any pennies  
 at which her eyes opened wide and she looked  
 very solemn but it worked for a while  
 as they all dropped behind not talking  
 about it in subdued voices. We came  
 back and had tea in a thoroughly English  
 atmosphere of young men and girls  
 in Paris flannels and clothes very well  
 and English men and large boned women  
 reading the London Times and playing bridge.  
 The evening was much the same. Many

good table - d. late. One of the waiters etc. speak English but I find I can make myself understood in Spanish and it is great fun. To bed early as we were all tired and sleepy. Cable from home saying all well  
January 18, Tuesday

Pouring rain and a gale of wind this morning. I got up and had breakfast in my room but E. and Wise slept late, Wise until after 10.30. After breakfast I went downstairs and wrote a letter to mamma. It began to clear about noon and after lunch Wise and I started out for my first sketch in Spain. We went into a court-yard off a little "street" about five minutes walk from the hotel and of course were immediately surrounded by children. I had an audience of 15 of all ages before I got through, and they watched every brush stroke laughing and talking about it. They were perfectly thrilled when I put in a little 2 yr. old "mañana" who was playing in a doorway beside a old man coddling shoes and one of the little boys went and placed himself on the steps in the foreground of my picture in just the right place and the right pose for the composition, so I quipped him in to the great delight





paint box when we started out and he  
 agreed to come back at 12.30 and carry it  
 back for me. The audience was most  
 enthusiastic and the little street was full  
 of shouts of "all hail" and laughter. When I went in  
 a little dilly that very obligingly stood  
 for a long time eating his dinner with a big  
 yack on his back, in ~~the~~ just the right spot  
 for my composition. ~~In the afternoon~~  
 Francisco & wife turned up about im-  
 mediately at 12 and F. took us to a  
 very nice little hardware shop where we got  
 some screw eyes and had the handle of my  
 paint box mended. Then back to the hotel  
 for lunch. In the afternoon we started out  
 again, Francisco meeting us and taking my  
 paint box and we went down to the water  
 front and I made a sketch of the backs of  
 the houses and crops along the shore with  
 a boy in the foreground on what was  
 probably the town dump but which was  
 no so very bad considering. The whole  
 town seems clean and well kept  
 and the children though they have next to  
 nothing on but little cotton dresses and  
 stand twisting their bare feet on the  
 stones, are very pretty looking with brown  
 fat legs. The numbers of them are



singly amazing. Every street and court  
pours them out like the Pied Piper of  
Hamelin when the word is passed round  
that there is "quintora" there and they are  
perfectly delighted when they recognize each  
"casa" in the picture. We turned in early so  
we go to Ljib. to-morrow on the 4 o'clock  
boat coming back at 2.30 after which I shall  
finish my first sketch in the garden near  
where Francisco lives.

Thursday, Jan. 20

A lovely sunny day but still a bit  
cold. We took the boat at 9 for Ljib. where  
we walked up ~~the~~ Main Street for about an  
hour looking ~~at~~ the windows of the shops,  
oriental bazaars etc. and doing a little  
shopping. Also taking photographs. Then we  
took a carriage and drove for 2 hours ~~up~~  
through the town, up to the Alameda or  
Park promenade where there are <sup>lovely</sup> flowers, geraniums, bougainvilleas etc.  
and of the English officers live <sup>on the</sup> ~~on the~~  
through Europa Road through the British  
garrison around the works to Europa  
point where the lighthouse is and beyond  
to a place where we left the carriage  
and went on on foot skirting the coast with  
the rock and old ruinous fortifications  
rising on our left. The coast is sheer rock

of course like the whole headland and a queer sort of jumbled mass of different kinds of rock, looking like sponges broken off in irregular joints and into caves and holes. The sea was beautiful. The true red-terraces which I & E. said the whole thing looked exactly like Capri. We could see the Sierra Nevada mountains in Spain into patches of snow and across the red terraces the Atlas mountains in Africa. The moorish lookouts dot the mt. peaks and hills on both sides of the Straits and it is all wonderfully interesting and picturesque. A fair lunch at the Hotel Bristol in the town, then a little more shopping and back on the boat to Algiers. Francesco met us at the dock as I had told him I wanted to go sketching again to finish the one I did in the first day in the grotto where he lives. 6 Calle Catalina. He drove up to the hotel with us in the box and <sup>beside the driver.</sup> looks queer squashed up <sup>low</sup> as he has got some white sneakers perhaps into the pockets I gave him yesterday. We went to the grotto and I finished the sketch and we took some photographs of F. and the assembled populace to their great delight. Back to the hotel for dinner and finished our book "Sailing across Europe". A most interesting book with



a very original and effective style; so genuine and such a refreshingly individual and suddenly humorous point of view. We have enjoyed it a lot and have been reading it aloud in front of the tiny little grate fire in C.'s room as the "lounge" downstairs is so cold, though we overheard the English say "They keep this room beautifully hot" just as we were hurrying upstairs to get warm.

Friday, January 21

Unsettled day. The sun out sometimes but often big clouds over it. Warmer than yesterday and showers in the afternoon. I started out early to make some sketches. This time a balcony in a fascinating but rather small little place that we found yesterday - the Plaza de Local. Of course like every inch of the town swimming with children. All the people men, women and children every where are just as nice and pleasant as they can be and all seem very happy and very easily amused and perfectly thrilled at watching the picture. Always out ready to pose if I want them to. Finished the sketch and went back to the hotel for an early lunch as our boat for Tanger left at 1 o'clock. A very lovely run along over the Spanish coast. Clouds and mist and showers but

occasional patches of rain on the bare-  
 looking rolling hills and four rainbows  
 during the afternoon. I never saw such  
 lovely rain. Tingo looked wonderfully old  
 and picturesque as we passed, the grey white  
 houses with their brown roofs melting into the  
 bare rocky hills with their patches of red  
 brown fields and old grey green fields. The  
 landing at Tingo was thrilling and I  
 could hardly believe that the men were  
 baggy bloomers, bare brown legs, and faces  
 weren't dressed up. They let our suitcase  
 down on the end of a rope into a row boat  
 which the launch that put us ashore towed, and  
 the minute we landed I was thrilled at the  
 sight of such picturesque men and boys, the  
 turkeys, the children in their burnouses like  
 the men, the little boys with their faces and all.  
 The city rises from the harbor up the side of  
 a hill and is lovely in soft greens, blues  
 and dull red roofs. All the walls and houses  
 are whitewashed or painted in delicate colors  
 a light blue, beige, or a soft purple, and this  
 is quite in any other way, often in bands or  
 long irregular shaped areas on part of the  
 front of a house. We found the hotel very  
 cold and yet stuffy. Too many thorough  
 day centers and "settling houses" or centers.



Dusty English pubs of course don't mind the cold. But we were frozen. Spanish wander-  
 mounds and moorish winters in fog, blossoms  
 and shippers. A table that was good, better than  
 you would expect from the rather poor furniture  
 of the hotel rooms. A wonderful view of the  
 harbor and hills beyond from the room at  
 E's. Wise looks out over the roofs of the  
 old moorish quarter. A fascinating impres-  
 sion that I am going to try and make a  
 sketch of to-morrow. After dinner we got a  
 guide, a <sup>turban</sup> ~~hurry~~ and shippers, and went  
 out to see the life. He is a fine type of  
 moor, speaks sufficiently good English as he  
 has lived in Hoboken! But is right in the  
 picture otherwise. It was quite thrilling to  
 step from the back entrance of the hotel  
 right into old moorish life. The door opens into  
 the moorish city and we walked through  
 narrow paved passages, dimly lighted (by  
 electric lamps) at rare intervals and sometimes  
 quite dark except for the light that came  
 from ~~open~~ doors opening into little cave-like  
 houses. The walls or shop-like cupboards  
 with an oil lamp to light the old moor  
 sitting among his wares. The streets are a  
 labyrinth, up and down steps, and  
 creaks and all you hear is voices and

footsteps with occasional singing as you  
 pass a house or cafe. Our man ~~Hugh~~ Hay  
 Mohamed took us to a bazaar where we  
 bought some tooled leather, pottery and I got  
 some silver bracelets etc. and then we went  
 to a mosaic cafe. A little dimly lighted  
 room at the head of a winding flight of  
 stairs. One half of it was walled off and was  
 filled with men squatting on the floor in  
 turbans or fezes and kumruses, smoking long  
 stemmed pipes with tiny little bowls about  
 as big as a thumb (bakshish) and playing  
 on queer musical instruments and singing  
 in unison. We sat at a table in the other  
 half and had Turkish coffee and I made a  
 few general sketches of the men and of  
 some other men who came in to drink at  
 the tables but they didn't like it so I  
 had to stop. It is part of their religion  
 not to make an effigy or likeness of man  
 so they always turn away when tourists  
 try to take their pictures. After we left the  
 mosaic cafe we went to the Kursaal  
 where there is dancing, American cinema  
 and gambling tables. We watched the  
 roulette for a while and then went  
 back to the hotel. My bed is draped  
 with a large mosquito netting which



means an unnecessary precaution at this season, particularly as it is so cold that I suspect these day flies or mosquitoes would be quite dumb and harmless. No ~~Saturday~~ hot baths to-night which was a blow as we were so cold. Apparently the boiler is very in duty in the morning. Saturday. Jan. 22.

### Hotel International, Tangier.

A most wonderful day. Cloudy with occasional showers but seen out some of the time. Mohammed came for us about 10 with three donkeys and a man to walk beside mine and E's. My man was about seven feet tall, in furs, burghas and shippers with bare legs and E's in <sup>the same with</sup> white turban. Mohammed rode ahead on a little white donkey and led us through the labyrinth of passageways and streets of the old moroccan quarters pointing out mosques etc. up to the old Kasbah or fort where we got a wonderful view of the city <sup>we went</sup> up and down steps under arcades etc. and everywhere arabs, moroccans, jews etc. A few women hurrying along with their faces covered all but the eyes. Some of the women are ~~are~~ hidden in the houses and we stopped in front of one house where no Mohammedan might go in, Boha Krouad at the high door and after a while we (E. & I only)

were admitted by a little girl in orange into a  
 well covered bed. She led us through tiled  
 hallways to a square central hall open to the  
 sky light in the roof with a balcony running  
 round the hall on the second floor and rooms  
 in the windows opening off it. The stairs led  
 up in the corner and the rooms were the bed-  
 rooms of the women. No furniture any where.  
 Just cushions with yellow of lace etc (some dirty)  
 on the floor round the walls and on the  
 screens on the walls and in one room some  
 tawdry artificial flowers under glass domes.  
 The women and children we saw were not  
 very attractive, heavily lidded and just looking  
 probably at a house of the best class. After  
 that we went on up past the Spanish and  
 English legations to the Sultan's palace.  
 A most elaborately decorated building inside  
 it, mosaics and ornamented plaster work.  
 It was begun about four years before the  
 war but was never entirely finished and  
 now that Morocco is ruled by England, France  
 and Spain will probably never be used for  
 anything but something to show tourists.  
 There were several large courts with  
 gardens, and all the rooms elaborately  
 tiled and mosaiced. After seeing this we  
 went back through the palace to the



turn to the hotel. In the afternoon we  
 started out again on the same donkeys  
 and into the same ~~area~~. I saw the  
 markets, story-tellers, snake charmers.  
 (Though we came back to the hotel for a  
 while to rest them, as they were there  
 performing on the terrace for a crowd of  
 tourists that had come off a big liner)  
 then we saw the upper market, very  
 interesting and picturesque. Wild-looking  
 terribly ragged and dirty people who bring  
 their charcoal and faggots in from  
 the Piff mountains to sell. Some of  
 the people came from the desert too  
 on camels who were lying round. Then  
 Mohammed led us a long detour round  
 through the country above the town. We  
 passed the ruins of Perdicaris' estate,  
 entered the barn of it, just above walls  
 on a slope surrounded by acres of  
 orchard and partially cultivated ground  
 and after that we went through a miserable  
 quarter, refugees from Spanish and French  
 colonies who had come there and "acquired"  
 in that red mud shacks in a waste of  
 earth and sand. Quite depressing. Then  
 on to the Fay road a broad highway  
 which led back to the town. Everywhere of

course the people stared at us and gazed  
 at wayide wells with curiosity and wonder  
 you would suppose operations to mine or  
 we were by. It was wonderful. They  
 looked exactly they just have in biblical  
 times. Then back to the hotel through a  
 old modern quarters for tea.  
 In the evening we went out again for a  
 few minutes to have a view of the  
 things at the Grand Museum. Bazaar. I  
 had early as we had to make an early  
 start. After lunch for a while and a little  
 bit before I tried to make a sketch of the <sup>roof</sup>  
 of the old Moroccan city from Wises window.  
 But it was such a gray day and the <sup>green</sup> colors  
 or all the complicated mass of roofs etc.  
 was so subtle that I didn't get much.  
 I hoped the sun would come out and  
 give me some light and make me see that  
 it didn't.

Sunday Jan. 23.

Up at 6 absolutely dark. But when  
 the sun began to come up we saw it  
 was going to be a beautiful day. We  
 had a wonderful time seeing the dawn  
 come. Muezzin's ~~all~~ calling the prayers.  
 etc. over the city outside his window  
 and while it was still dark I saw



two little boys in the street below; it was a  
 little before seven, missing to the little window.  
 we could see a light in the little window. This  
 school was in the narrow street back of the  
 hotel and we looked in at it yesterday.  
 more interesting. About 20 children, 6 to 10,  
 sitting cross-legged on the floor all reciting,  
 the Korean in sing-song voices swaying their  
 bodies from side to side. The teacher, a man  
 not strong than with a long willow wand  
 that he used to whip the ~~matting~~ on the walls  
 behind the heads of the ones who got drowsy  
 or to stir up ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~ones~~ <sup>ones</sup> who were <sup>not</sup> paying  
 attention. as nearly as we could tell  
 the same children were there all day. going  
 out at meal times only. The children don't  
 look very happy, not nearly as vigorous and  
 well developed as the Spanish children at  
 the school and too much ~~at school~~ and not doing  
 exercise out doors is probably the reason. They  
 all have little spindle legs and arms and  
 the men have thin legs and not much muscular  
 development of the arms probably from  
 shuffling along in slippers. We had a  
 beautiful view out to the mountains. I saw  
 a lot of old a mountain man. "Read about" the  
 "mountain in Spain" very interesting.  
 Francisco was at the entrance to the town

guides in a new capacity - holding a team.  
 We in for our own guides - and told  
 him that we wanted to go for a drive  
 after lunch to the lake in the country back  
 of the house - so about 2.30 he turned over  
 the carriage driver by the name of Mr. Miller  
 and drove by a friend of his and  
 we started off with my guide on board.  
 The country was so interesting and picturesque  
 with rolling fields, here & dotted with  
 a few small white houses and scattered  
 about here & there. We could get very much  
 out in trying to take a short cut over  
 the river got us stuck in a swampy  
 place. We all had to get out and  
 finally got the wheel out of the mud, it  
 was very to the left. and went on to  
 an old mill dam, where we had a drink  
 and then started on a valley, evidently  
 being water from the fire to the river for  
 irrigation. There was a little house  
 down it under the bridge and so we had  
 had about enough of the pretty car-  
 track we stopped there and I made a  
 sketch. In the evening we had a fire  
 set by the fire at the table with two  
 large pots - very plain, the pot the  
 other baggage and did not allow much



upset by it. Good night. Then we packed  
as we start tomorrow at 9.30 by motor  
for Cadiz.

Monday, Jan. 24.

We got off comfortably though we  
were rather disgusted at first as the car  
they had definitely promised us was not  
path-caring. However it was a lovely day  
and the green car turned out to be the best  
thing. The two ladies girls appeared in a  
window in very bizarre costumes, smoking  
cigarettes to say good-bye to us. We had a  
perfectly beautiful drive. The country  
between Olegueros and Tanga and beyond  
was wonderful. So wild, rolling hills and  
little farms and very picturesque houses or  
dwellings in the road. Day and Night as  
only we could make the noise from our  
mufflers - a perfectly fascinating little  
town in a steep hill - the country  
began to change, more fertile and  
flat, more cattle, more prosperous than  
we began to see olive trees and big  
oak trees. As we got near Cadiz, after  
passing through San Fernando, where there  
is a naval college, we began to see  
the little pyramids dotting the landscape.

Basins are cut in the hard grass  
and flooded at high water then the  
silt sluice gates closed and the silt  
obtained by evaporation and piled up  
in pyramids 30 ft. high or more. They are  
not of a dirty brown color becoming white  
when they have been sliced off.

Cádiz was most disappointing. I saw  
quite picturesque ruined walls outside  
the town and the sea wall was rather  
nice but no picturesque digging at  
all in the harbor and the town itself  
tawdry and uninteresting - modern.  
We went to the Hotel de France and  
Paris. Dark gloomy stuffy rooms  
no hot water for baths. Beds damp  
since decided to go on to Seville the  
next day. An Englishman who had a  
table next to at lunch became quite  
friendly and joined us after in the big  
central glass roofed patio of the hotel  
for coffee. He had come over from  
Jerez which he said we must visit and  
this was inserted into our program  
wine from there said the botellas  
or wine flasks were most interesting.  
He had been in two wax covered ones.



now carrying on at Jersey, living alone  
and not able to speak Spanish. Very  
amazing about his language and the customs  
and his crossing and his wife in England.  
(Major Sawyer, of the artillery) A time  
failed to impress us any more favorably  
with the charms of Cadix, though we  
saw the little church of St. Catherine's  
with paintings by Murillo. One of them  
a large painting ~~of~~ over the altar of St.  
Catherine the martyr was the cause of his  
death. He stepped back while painting in it  
to see it better and fell off the scaffolding  
was seriously injured and died three weeks  
after in Seville. The cathedral is quite  
interesting, especially the crypt which is  
cut out of the solid rock with low vaulted  
roofs and the outside cut down under the  
sea so that the sea was just the  
other side of an 8 ft thick wall and the  
its surface a sea level about 6 ft. above  
the stone floor we were standing on. The  
sign of the church is the cross rising out  
of the sea.

Tuesday, Jan 5.

Left Cadix in an open car for  
Seville about 10 a.m. Lovely sunny day and  
no dust. I had dinner in the night club

together about 12, stopped at Hotel de  
 los <sup>C</sup>caños for lunch then went to the  
 lodges of Gonzales, Tiquis y Languana.  
 A young Englishman, after working, stood  
 around. It was very interesting. Very  
 much in the news of huge casks of wine.  
 We saw them making the casks by hand.  
 The staves are roughly fastened together at  
 the end by an iron hoop. Then the cask  
 is stood in and over a little fire which  
 heats the wood, also carving it which  
 hardens the inside surface, and boys march  
 round and round the casks hammering down  
 the iron hoops and thus shaping it. Then  
 it was passed on to men who ~~made the~~  
 fitted the permanent hoops on, the others  
 were just for shaping it. Then we saw  
 the bottling, getting in of labels by girls  
 and the boxing. Of course much more of  
 the work was done by hand than it  
 could have been in America. The big  
 casks for blending the different vineyards  
 were very interesting. They must have  
 been 30 or 40 ft. high. Then there  
 were casks dedicated to Royalty. One  
 for each member of the royal family  
 of Guatemala their labels were not  
 taken when they ordered it. We saw



invited to taste wines from various vintners,  
 such as ~~matthias~~ ~~salazar~~, 110 years old, others  
 were 300 etc. After visiting in the visitors  
 book we drove in our way to Sevilla.  
 a perfectly beautiful drive. The country  
 very open and pretty rolling, fields of  
 wheat onwards, wheat all as we yet reaches  
~~Sevilla~~ ~~grape~~ vine and more groves  
 and cultivated. We drove into Sevilla  
 past the new buildings. The Hispanic-  
 American Exposition to be called "sevilla"  
 and the new hotel Alfonso XIII, and the  
 cathedral with the Gualda or bell tower.  
 Originally the minister of the Spanish magnate  
 intral etc. The ~~Triglotia~~ ~~Triglotia~~ a new a thoroughly  
 nice hotel and we have very comfortable  
 rooms with baths and plenty of hot water.  
 A good dinner before which we took a little  
 walk through the city and wandered  
 into the court of the oranges of the  
 cathedral. Very beautiful. With the old  
 domes and the Gualda rising from the  
 corner, also wandered down the calle de los cirios.  
Wednesday. Jan. 26

A nice day, warm but cloudy.  
 We awoke late and had time before lunch  
 for a little cooking about. Took Kodak.

films to be developed, also found a most  
 picturesque market, peasants' dwellings and  
 all kinds of fruit and vegetables, baskets etc.  
 Then went to the cathedral again but found  
 the chapels etc. closed until this afternoon  
 went back after lunch and did it all  
 quite thoroughly except the Gualda which  
 we left till to-morrow as it got late  
 and already was overcast. The cathedral  
 is simply beautiful though I wish  
 the choir screen did not cut off the  
 view of the high altar screen. The  
 most beautiful part to me was the  
 high nave with its enormous high columns  
 and the windows way up. Some of  
 the chapels were very interesting, all  
 of course all with marvellous carving  
 but my beautiful was grill gates.  
 We saw the treasures among them a  
 large silver very elaborate plate by  
 Benvenuto Cellini, the crystal cup  
 and the little statue of the virgin which  
 belonged to San Fernando the Spanish  
 king who conquered Seville from the  
 Moors, and the keys of the city were  
<sup>remained</sup> given by the Moors to the city by  
 the king when he was capitulated.  
 The vestments were beautiful as the



pieces of the saints interesting though  
rather gruesome. Some of them dried up  
bones and skulls under glass cases, looking  
hardly human. They were so small.

The paintings are interesting, a crucifixion  
by Zurbarán, a descent from the cross  
by El Greco that I didn't like at all.

The figure on out of proportion with its  
tiny head, several <sup>the figure of which</sup> including  
the St. Anthony of Padua ~~that~~ <sup>the figure of which</sup> was cut  
out of its canvas about 50 years ago  
and taken to N.Y. where it was used, but  
was given back to Seville <sup>by its owners</sup> and replaced

in the canvas. There were also some paintings  
by Pacheco the teacher and father-in-law  
of Velazquez. His work is not all like  
Velazquez except in its good draughts-  
manship and knowledge of anatomy.

In color it is far less decorative and more  
like Murillo's color schemes.

After coming out of the cathedral we took a  
carrriage and drove to the river to  
see the wharves and Torre del Oro. That  
rather disappointing. Then through the  
town and back to the hotel.

Thursday, Jan 27

cloudy and raining. E. decided we wanted to stay at the hotel and write letters etc. ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> I started out to look for a section of the city called Santa Cruz which the "concejo" at the hotel, <sup>and</sup> was picturesque. It lies just beside the gardens of the alcázar and was originally the poorest quarters of the town and it certainly is picturesque. Such narrow winding streets with high walls ~~though~~ of course now the houses have balconies and windows and flowers and vines everywhere. The houses are whitewashed, yellow, pink or green or white and the balconies green and there are plastered with wrought iron work on the sides of the houses to light the winding alley ways. We went by one house with the door open and stopped to look in to a lovely patio and a pleasant faced woman appeared and said it was a public museum and invited us in. It turned out to <sup>be</sup> the headquarters of the Hispanic Society of America and was a great find for as I was looking for a place where I could paint a fairly large canvas from a model and I was in luck.



could certainly have done it. Hope and soul  
 know someone who would give for me. I  
 am going back to - tomorrow when I hope  
 the sun will be out to see about it and  
 perhaps make the water for it. After we left  
 the Washington Irving house as I believe it  
 is called (there is a table to him on the  
 outside) we wandered all through Santa  
 Cruz finding fascinating things to sketch. Then  
 we got our photographs which we had left to  
 be developed (of Tangier and Algiers) and  
 they are fine. Home to lunch to tell E. about  
 our wonderful find of the American museum...  
 After lunch we took a taxi and drove across  
 the Guadalupe river to Treana to see the  
 pottery works. We were misled by the guide  
 book which said that La Treana, a fabrica  
 in the cell of an old convent, supplied all of  
 Spain with common earthenware pottery.  
 Not thinking that we would find there the  
 picturesque water jars etc. that we had seen  
 the peasants using. So we went there first  
 but the things they were making were awful.  
~~Not~~ Thousands of common white basins, jugs  
 etc. plates by the hundred and the more im-  
 lutions forms of the indigenous, exhibiting  
 no more than an artistic spirit of wear.  
 The <sup>headquarters</sup> of all the ceramic houses of the

world and the Spanish women who took us  
 round showed it off with such quietude. It  
 is used and worn by the ladies from (Pérez)  
 and we were amazed there were the only  
 gowns they have to turn that wheel is small  
 boy gowns. The most primitive arrangement  
 not even ball bearings to make it easier.  
 After leaving that we went to the Triana  
 gallery works, the characteristic gilding  
 of the place. Majolica etc. where we  
 found beautiful things and got a lot  
 to be sent to Spain. They ship a great  
 deal to London in boxes. We went over  
 the fabrica too and saw a potter at his  
 wheel. The big ovens, chimneys in the south  
 yard ~~piled~~ high with fire-wood. All  
 very interesting and picturesque. Then  
 back to the Hotel to tea. In the evening  
 we went to a national comedy, as-  
 called, but of course quite different  
 from ours. The music being merely  
 incidental and the play and plot  
 much more the thing. A rather unad-  
 vantage theatre, at least, and play rather  
 broad but of course not interesting and  
 a comedian who though he was  
 acted very funny. It was extraordinary.



how many children were in the audience and the play we came to see did not begin till 9.30 and the chief one of the evening which followed it was billed for 10.30. We did not stay in this however as L. was tired and we would have been as late getting to bed. Hope for mail to - tomorrow forwarded from Paris. Our first mail since we got left, though two cables have kept us somewhat informed that things were O.K. at home.

Friday, January 28

Raining this morning so I stayed in and fixed up my sketches that I made at Algiers. Have to now and hope to get started on something here to - tomorrow. After lunch we hired a "coche" and drove to the "Casa Pilatus" very beautiful tiled and arched patio somewhat graced by Italian statues and busts. Then to the ~~musee~~ de Beaux Arts. Mostly murals Gribou's and Valdes Real. Liked one or two murals much better than anything I have seen. Suppose the last 2 samples are here. Gribou's compositions are sincere and expressive. Two galleries of modern art were interesting nothing that impressed me very much though. Then out to Trina to see some more gallery and a table

for work home. Home for tea and read the  
 news in Spain after dinner. Mail from  
 home - a letter from man in letter about  
 a week after we sailed. Was still cloudy  
 this afternoon but am hoping for sun to-  
 morrow as that I can start in painting.

Saturday Jan. 29.

Rainy and cloudy still (this is the  
 rainy season all right) but I went over  
 to the Residencia Americana just the  
 same thinking I could start a picture  
 indoors. The woman there was very pleasant  
 and went out to get me a model. She was  
 gone a long time and finally came back with  
 a black girl fringed straw and said the girl  
 would be along later. She did not come however,  
 until about 12 by which time Elizabeth  
 and Wise had turned up. When she did appear  
 she was all right, nice smooth black hair, black  
 earrings, dark skin and I put her against the  
 white washed wall into the fringe of brick red  
 and yellow tiles showing in the lower part  
 of the picture. It was too late to start in  
 so I decided a 25 x 30 would be about the  
 right size and we went to order the canvas.  
 which will not be ready till Monday afternoon.  
 After lunch the rent came out and I made a



sketch in the streets of the Santa Cruz quarter, an awful crowd, while E. + W. went to the alcázar. They were crazy about it. I must go of course before we leave.

Sunday, Jan. 30.

I got over to the Casa America early as E. + W. went to the cathedral to high mass and took me at the same time. My model turned up a little after 10 with a recter who after a good deal of conversation I decided to use for a picture ~~on the~~ outdoors with the roof in the background. I made the sketch for it, and figure out that to be life size it will have to be 39 X 41. I am a bit doubtful about starting such a big one particularly as the weather seems so uncertain at this season but if I can work on it in the afternoons and on the other in the mornings I could get them done I think in a week. Wise has sent his letters etc. to Madrid and he may go up there any time and there is a possibility of his sending for us in a hurry but I think I'll take a chance as E. likes it here so much and will want to stay on if possible. After lunch we drove by motor out to Italica to see the Roman ruins of an amphitheatre out there.

It was very interesting and wonderful to  
 think of all the things that have happened  
 in the 2000 years that those pillars are  
 etc. have stood there. The whole arena  
 with seats is left though overgrown with grass  
 and a great deal of the curved passageways  
 behind and the pit for the animals in the  
 centre. They are at work excavating it  
 now. It has filled in ~~to about~~ with about  
 3 ft. of clayey sand on the level of the arena.  
 After an interesting drive through the Algebr  
 with its wonderful orange groves we came  
 back, left C. at the hotel and Wise and I  
 went to a café cantante. It was the café  
 named in the Calle de los Sierpes and  
 was quite interesting. A not very brilliantly  
 lighted place, rather dingy, long tables holding  
 eight and singly packed. Mostly men, I  
 only saw three women (except the ones  
 who danced). It was full of tobacco smoke  
 but not unpleasantly stuffy. Everyone  
 was drinking coffee in glasses. The men  
 wore all hats, some looked like country-  
 men with their "ancho" hats and some were  
 like school-boys. There was a stage built  
 out at one side and girls came out and  
 danced. It just regular Spanish dances



wish costumes and then they got more  
 European, almost Broadway, chic dancing  
 etc. in quite abbreviated, rather temporary  
 costumes. After dinner at the hotel I  
 took Mrs. Hodges, an American artist  
 here, up to my room to see my sketches.  
 She is going on to Granada to paint  
 there. Not a very striking person.  
Monday, Feb. 1.

I started out early this morning, a  
 fine day. Ordered the big canvas for my  
 outdoor picture at the Casa de America  
 and looked at models. Then back to the  
 hotel to get my sketching things and E. & W.  
 joined me and we went to the Court of the  
 Oranges where I started a sketch. He has left  
 the arch and wall I was painting however. About  
 eleven o'clock I went on into the plaza near the  
 entrance to the Alcazar and did a sketch of  
 the arched entrance into a balcony over the  
 where a woman was sitting sewing. After  
 lunch started right out again, finished the  
 one in the Court of the Oranges of the Cathedral  
 and started another of three houses, green  
 pink and yellow in the background of the  
 cathedral. A terrific crowd around me there.  
 Back to the hotel for tea and after tea went  
 with Wise to the art shops to see about my

two canvases and easel. All O.K. and delivered at the hotel before we got back at 7 as we lost our way a little. Two at Diego. Roldan in the Calle de las Sierpes, left hand side from entrance near hotel, near P.O. and Padua, n. 7 Py 4 Mayall. off the Calle de las Sierpes. We have definitely decided to go to Granada Monday, Feb. 7. So I will have a long week painting my two big canvases. The morning one is all right but the sketches for which I am going to paint in the afternoon is a bit doubtful as I have to have the sun out.

Tuesday, Feb. 1

Started my 25x30 of the Spanish fire indoors at the Casa de America this morning. Got on fairly. Got rather a shock when the manager there announced that I would not paint there after 5 o'clock as the manager and his family were coming to - now. However I developed that if I wrote to him for permission I probably would get it and as he is a friend of Mr. Oscar Huntington and a member of the Hispanic Society of America I don't think there is the slightest doubt, particularly as E. & W. know some



Huntington is well. I & I kept on painting and  
 went back in the afternoon into my room  
 which will be given to the Marques de  
 Vega y Ursula to - right. I started the  
 big outdoor one from "10 o'clock" in the  
 afternoon and got along into that all night  
 though it is quite a job to get all the  
 detail of the roof etc. behind her. However  
 I'll do what I can into it. In the  
 evening we went to an exhibition of  
 Andalusian dances arranged for a  
 crowd of Cook's tourists that were authentic  
 however and very interesting. Costards,  
 full suits, stinging etc. and not much  
 difference <sup>between</sup> ~~in~~ the dances as nearly as we  
 could see.

Wednesday, Feb. 2.

Went over to paint light and early but  
 had to change my set-up from the house  
 to the garden as the Marques de la Vega y  
 Ursula who owns the house and who it  
 seems turned up in Seville unexpectedly had  
 given me permission to paint outside in the  
 garden my afternoon picture but not in the  
 house. The women had not said it was  
~~not~~ necessary to get permission but  
 when the Marques turned up I suppose  
 she got scared anyway she said I had to

write a note to him asking for permission  
 which I did yesterday with the result which  
 they told me when I arrived this morning.  
 So after trying a bit more on the strength  
 of his knowing Mr. Huntington in D. C. and  
 C. & W. being friends of Anna H. I gave it  
 up (the woman & her husband would not  
 give his address and when the man  
 went again he came back ~~insecure~~ leaving  
 even him as he was still asleep), and  
 decided to move my model down into  
 the parlor which strictly speaking I did  
 not consider in the house. The woman  
 wanted me to keep on in the upstairs room  
 and said she wouldn't come up and would  
 look the other way, so to speak, but of  
 course I wouldn't do that. So I went on with  
 the picture sitting <sup>her</sup> against some tiles in the  
 parlor with some little vines against the wall  
 behind her head. The arrangement is all  
 right but the changing light is going to  
 make it hard to get anything good. In the  
 afternoon I painted on the big one upstairs  
 and it is coming along all right. Then  
 C. & W. called for me and we went back to  
 the hotel for tea. The concierge showed us  
 red velvet pages and it had a little picture of me sitting  
 in the heart of the room with a lot of kids



Thursday, Feb. 3. belind me on the first page. I knew a man who stopped me when I was sketching there Monday but I thought he was a tourist or something and it was a complete surprise to have it appear in the paper. Quite amusing.

Thursday Feb. 3.

Beautiful day, sunny and nice but a cool wind came up in the afternoon. I started in the morning, find the sun bolder less early as I thought 5 - morning at 7.30. Back again in the afternoon for my picture. Trouble was wind blowing across river, could not do much. At 4 P.M. we came and we drove out to the Exposition grounds and saw the magnificent exhibition of <sup>Seville</sup> ~~order~~ <sup>architecture</sup>. Satisfactory but not perfectly good. Two outstanding Seville masters Goldsch and Billera. The former had most of the canvases there. Some other big ones present in the field ~~exhibition~~ <sup>exhibition</sup> rooms etc. Saw some beautiful carved furniture there and some with art leather backs and tooled seats etc. Exposition buildings are going to be very fine when they are finished (better than these) and will be next year.

Friday, Feb. 4.

Lovely day but still a bit cool when  
 not in the sun. Went over to Casa de  
 America and got started early. Working  
 is not only because the light changes  
 in the model but it also bothers me a  
 lot by the sun shining on my canvas and  
 in my eyes. Spent up newspapers but  
 it's a good way to work. I think I'll finish  
 it up to-morrow as well as I can and let it  
 go at that. Stopped painting at 1.30 and went  
 back to the Hotel and read until 4. E.  
 came in for lunch. After lunch painted my  
 other picture and got quite a lot done on it.  
 Plan to finish it to-morrow if weather is good.  
 Rose came for me at 4 and we went to see  
 the Alcazar, Alhambra, and it is beautiful.  
 The most wonderful carving and plasterwork  
 and the colors beautiful as soft and old.  
 The gardens are much more extensive than  
 you would think from the outside and have  
 lots of fountains, tiled seats, walks etc. and  
 a maze. The palace itself was of course  
 particularly interesting because of its history and  
 picturesque past. Back to hotel to get E.  
 and go to the Hotel Madrid to tea as we  
 had been told it was interesting. It was a  
 private house on a very grand scale and it



full of beautiful old carved furniture.  
Saturday Feb. 5.

Lovely day. Got over to the Residencia de America early, painted until 11.30 when I joined Wise and E. in the alcázar garden to take some photographs. Back to lunch stopping at the American Consulate to sign papers about my two canvases, painted in Seville, which I am having shipped direct to Budapest. I simply have to sign papers concerning their originality and to know when the pictures are finished we take them to M. Bertrand Tomás de Ybarra, No. 16, who is a shipper and will send them to New York. After lunch painted on Dolores on the roof and finished it, except for little things that I want to do after I get it in the frame at home, but E. & Wise at 4.30 took the plaza de las Banderas at the archway that goes into Santa Cruz and we drove out to Triana again to order some more furniture. I thought I would get some salad plates for mamma but decided I did not like them very much. So I got a few tiles and a little dark blue painted chair for the studio at Dyman and E. & W. ordered a bench for Cove House. Back to the hotel for tea and dinner and spent the evening talking to two American women.

Mrs. Scales and her sister Mrs. Gamble from  
 Houston, Texas, who are travelling together.  
 Last night we ~~met~~ met on Bayouman. Leslie  
 Richards, introduced to us by Mrs. Hodges,  
 the American artist lady who has now gone  
 on to Granada. Mr. Richards is at <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 American-Spanish bank here in the plaza  
 across from the Hotel. He has been here 7 years  
 and knew a good deal of the Graves family  
 from Texas when they were here two years  
 ago. Also knew of the Cramis and a friend of  
 his was a tutor to young Ralph Cram.

Sunday Feb. 6

Went over to the *Residencia Americana* and finished my picture of Reyes in the studio. By the way, day before yesterday I had a letter from the Marquis de la Vega y Peralta from Madrid, giving me all the facilities of *Residencia Americana* for painting. Most polite and written as if he had not received my letter till he reached Madrid and had hastened to change the instructions to the concierge which he said were the result of former abuses of the privilege I had asked for. I think he didn't really read the letter when he was here. (He probably doesn't understand English very well) and when he realized the Americans



connections he made an exception in my  
 case. He also wrote to the concierge, or his  
 secretary did, telling them to give me every  
 facility, even to the mystification of the men  
 who could not understand his sudden change of  
 front. So I could have painted my picture of  
 Reyes in the house after all and not have  
 been so much bothered by the changing  
 light, but it doesn't matter much and in  
 some ways the getting set-up is more in-  
 teresting. Wise came about 10.30 and we  
 photographed the two canvases and took  
 them in a cove to Bernardino to be shipped.  
 Then back to the hotel for lunch. After lunch  
 I went to finish one water of the three houses,  
 pink, yellow and green, that I had begun  
 about a week before in the Plaza back of the  
 cathedral. I did it, Wise helping to keep  
 back the kids etc. as the crowd was  
 enormous. Then back to the hotel to get E.  
 and go to the old convent of Santa Paula.  
 We drove that through a picturesque but rather  
 poor part of the city. The church was very  
 interesting, Moorish, + Spanish with an  
 enormous front portal of Italian & Gothic  
 work, medallions like Della Robbia. The  
 monks were kept about 100 yds off from the rest of

the church by a double grill leading to the roof and we could have a crops etc. occasionally no. knew they were there but we were not allowed in. We took some photos. of the sacristan, his little boy wife and friend at an old well. In front of this picturesque little cottage in the church yard. Drove back to tea, packed in the evening as we take a 9.30 train to Granada tomorrow, arriving about 8.40. Had a letter from Brookside this afternoon, only the third I have had, Mamma & Diana being the others. Showed my sketches and album to Mr. Sales & his sister Mrs. Germet who seemed very enthusiastic.

Monday, Feb. 7.

Got off very comfortably for Granada. Lovely day. Had a compartment to ourselves all the way until we got about 2 hrs. from Granada when a Spanish doctor got on board. We annoyed him & Spanish quite successfully though when he got excited and talked fast I couldn't understand him and of course couldn't say so very much more. When he came on board it was just getting dark so he posted the time very nicely during the hours when we couldn't see anything out of the windows. It was a most interesting journey and not



thing at all as we knew that the train was  
 going to be slow and that there would be  
 long waits and so just gave ourselves up to  
 a day of it with books, lunch etc. The  
 little train did just crawl along and  
 stopped at little country stations for no  
 apparent reason, sometimes as long as an  
 hour, and often 20 minutes or so. I made  
 pencil notes in my notes book of the  
 people etc. at the stations and had a  
 great time. At Babililla we were per-  
 suaded by a cockney waiter from the  
 station restaurant to get off and have tea.  
~~He~~ said we would be there 25 minutes,  
 so we took the chance, and almost got  
 left behind. We had to run for our train  
 and got on while it was moving, and was  
 relieved to be in the compartment with  
 our bags etc. again. After that the  
 country got perfectly beautiful, as the  
 mountains began. All along it was  
 wonderfully fertile, olive orchards as far  
 as you could see and now the ~~the~~ lower  
 jagged rock of the mountain peaks rose from  
 the orchards. Every bit was cultivated until  
 the work began and the sunset light on the  
 ranges of peaks was wonderful. We arrived at  
 Barcelona practically on time and took the hotel

arrived to the ~~Granada~~ <sup>side of the</sup> Alhambra - Palace hotel, high up in the mountain. Haven't been able to get much idea of the lay of the land ~~viewing~~ after dark but know that our windows look out over the town in the valley below & across to other mountains. The hotel is large, high-ceilinged, modern ~~rooms~~. Bath rooms in alcoves, tiles etc. everywhere. Rooms cold and no hot water to-night but good dinner. Only a few people here at present apparently.

Tuesday, Feb. 8.

Lovely day but rather cool and hotel cold. We may change our rooms for others that have more sun. Got up late. Wonderful view from our windows, down on roof of town and across wide plain to mountains beyond. Had a drive in an automobile before lunch to get an idea of the general lay of the land and see the high spots. Most wonderful view of snow-covered mountains from east end of hill that hotel and Alhambra are on. Town picturesque, busy and prosperous looking and most wonderful things to point in the narrow winding streets that lead up the hill and the huts of the poor people with goats pigs etc. higher up. Lots of



goats everywhere and of course still burros everywhere. After lunch we set out on foot for the Alhambra palace as it is only a few minutes walk from the hotel. We had a guide but he turned out to be not much good in spite of his having a little of recommendation from an American from St. Louis and a ring - shot of many Pickford, who he had taken round. The Alhambra is wonderful and we were tremendously impressed. It is more beautiful than I had imagined even from W. Irving's book, more mellow in color and more crumbling and old. The various courts etc. are all on a somewhat smaller scale but none the less beautiful and more elaborately ornamented than I had imagined. I would think in the time of the moors when all the color was fresh it might have been almost too cutting and busy but now it has faded out so, and some of the plaster work and carving of more grandeur but the predominating effect is soft creams with a little gray blue and the red sandstone etc. It is made of is a faded pink orange. That accounts of dark brown in the old wooden and doors and dark green in the cypresses and orange trees and myrtle hedges of the courts is fine

general color effect. The fountain and  
 sound of water everywhere is fascinating  
 and must be delicious on hot summer  
 days when the gardens must be a mass  
 of bloom. We took lots of photographs  
 but went back to the hotel for the quite  
 overcome by the beauty of it and the  
 interest of the whole thing. I had various books  
 on the moors in Spain in the library which I  
 had brought my Tales of the Alhambra along.  
 They do have it in Spanish in the hotel but  
 I can't get it. To-morrow morning we are  
 going back and I am going to make a visit  
 Wednesday, Feb. 7

Early but the sun not occasionally. We  
 went to the Alhambra where I made a  
 sketch of an orange tree against an  
 arched doorway in the court of the myrtles  
 and E. & W. wandered round, took photo-  
 graphs and had a long conversation with  
 a Don Flores, the official interpreter of  
 the Alhambra. He spoke French very well  
 and he & I had quite a conversation chiefly  
 about the relative interest of the different  
 Spanish cities, the cathedral etc. After  
 lunch we took the walk & picnic circuit  
 which goes in front of the hotel down to



the town to see the cathedral. We learned  
 from the notaries and conductors that the  
 file in the town that we heard early this  
 morning was the old convent of San Jeronimo  
 now used as a barracks. It was ~~the oldest~~  
 founded by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492  
 and in the church is buried the Spaniards  
 Captain Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba  
 who became a monk there a few years  
 before he died. Luckily the church was  
 saved but the rest of the convent which  
 had two very fine patios with frescoes  
 and stone carving was entirely destroyed.  
 Defective electric wiring. When we got  
 down in the town we got off the car at  
 the telegraph office for wire to send a cable  
 as his weekly one has not arrived. Then to the  
 Cathedral which we were not altogether  
 crazy about except for the Capilla Real  
 where Ferdinand and Isabella are buried.  
 That is pure Spanish Gothic and I liked  
 it very much and the tombs with their  
 marble effigies are very impressive. The  
 rest of the church is not particularly  
 inspiring and the decoration too wears  
 not nearly as well as the Cathedral at  
 Seville. Back to the hotel for tea. In  
 the evening we talked with a Spaniard.

Quintard from New York. We saw them first in the alcayas at Seville. Then on the train they had the next compartment and we have run into them several times since at the Alhambra etc. Mrs. Q. immediately established a bond of sympathy with C. as she has left two Peter's behind in N.Y. and in the course of conversation they asked to see the photographs of my paintings, which I showed them and they were very enthusiastic. Mr. Quintard quite saved even a spoke of Velasquez etc. They told us about a guide they had had here, "Henry" a young Spaniard, who was better educated and more of a gentleman than the ordinary guide and who wore a beautiful picturesque Andalusian cape of dark blue with red lining. We arranged to have him take us around to-morrow as the Quintards are leaving to-morrow early for Ronda.

Thursday, Feb. 10.

Henry and an automobile we had ordered turned up at 10 and we started off. Cloudy but clearing being wind in the night, and warmer. We went first to the church of the convent of San Jeronimo, where the fire was <sup>which was not very old at all</sup> right before last. The church is being restored and there were scaffolds up and workmen at



work that we could get an idea of it and listed it very much especially the gilded and elaborately carved reliefs of the altar. by Alfonso Cano who has done most of the paintings, sculptures etc. in the churches here. This was covered with figures and groups of figures, life-size and over illustrating scenes in the life of Christ. The figures showed great knowledge of anatomy and were very expressive. ~~The floor~~ on the floor before the altar marks the grave of the Green Egger. Gonzalo dedicated himself there and his wife on either side of the altar. After leaving San Jeronimo we drove to the Cartuja, an old convent. The <sup>arches of the</sup> cloisters had been filled in by the French and there are large paintings by the monks of torturings of the Christian martyrs, awful things, but worse in this painting almost than in this subject matter. The interior of the church, the chapels etc. is too narrow for my taste and the coloring of the blue white marble with the blues and reds was awful. I saw some wonderful wood carvings in the elaborate carving and indeed works everywhere and some of the statues were expressive and very good anatomically especially a figure of St. Bruno <sup>the patron saint of the monastery</sup> kneeling at a skull by Alfonso Cano. After we left the monastery we drove to the Albaicin, old moor quarter, very

picturesque unutterably steep and narrow  
 winding streets. Here the guide took us to  
 the studio of an Englishman Wynne Appleby  
 who has lived here 16 yrs. painting views of the  
 city and Spanish girls. Very good work in  
 watercolor worthy of being done on a larger  
 scale. The artist was a very nice young man.  
 Typically English, a bit cockney and there was  
 a wonderful view of the Alhambra with the  
 snow covered mountains behind it from  
 his studio. Back to lunch and after lunch  
 started out again for the Giralda, the  
 museum palace of the moors, across from the  
 Alhambra on an adjoining hill. They are  
 excavating and discovering an underground  
 passage from one to the other. Also doing  
 quite a bit of restoration. The building itself  
 much smaller and much less elaborate  
 than the Alhambra, the chief feature being  
 the views, a wonderful avenue of cypresses  
 now often 600 years old, and the gardens  
 which were fascinating with their varied uses  
 of the streams of water that come down  
 from the mountains. Pools, cascades down  
 railing of stone steps, fountains etc. in  
 every little court. Nicely clipped box hedges  
 and when the flowers are out it must be



wonderful: afterwards we drove over to Sacca  
 Monte another hill beyond the altar in  
 the <sup>center</sup> ~~center~~ of which the gypsies live in caves. Ex-  
 traordinary little holes in the side of the hill but  
 the guide says they are dry and comfortable  
 as they are hollowed out of the rock and that there  
 are regulations that they must be well worked  
 inside twice a week. The gypsies looked wild and  
 ragged and terribly wretched in their begging  
 crawling round the automobile when we  
 stopped to take a photograph. On the top of  
 the hill there is a seminary for Catholic priests  
 in an ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> convent founded by Ferdinand &  
 Isabella and built over some underground  
 caves etc. where various saints were buried as  
 martyrs. We went through these catacombs and  
 also the church and old vestments. We were in the  
 quarters of the boys studying to be priests and  
 laymen, the guide said, and most of their sanitary  
 arrangements were perfectly awful and the boys  
 we saw outside looked very dirty and not all  
 good. Types and they doubtless will turn into  
 typical priests. A crowd of tourists, 110, arrived  
 at the hotel to-night and will be present through  
 the day - to-morrow and passed off in the  
 early part of the day after. An awful way to  
 travel!

Friday, Feb. 11.

Wise had a violent attack of indigestion in the night. We don't know what caused it but it may have been the bread which is ~~corn~~. None of the table very good or appetizing and the whole hotel badly and skimpily run though it is in a marble palace. Due to the meanness and poor quality of the wines the League Tables! who lives in Madrid but is ignorant into the manager all the time. Wise was very ill all day, sleeping off the effects of the attack and worse medicine with regard to be had taken. E. and I went to see the view from the hotel and got quite nice things - pottery, silver boxes and old copper. Then I went and noticed an old woman in a red shawl and her husband sitting in front of their little white-washed house. E. joined me and helped very much. After lunch E. + I went to the Alhambra where I tried to make a sketch of the old fortifications etc. from a window of the hall of the ambassadors. Not much luck as the light was not very interesting. Wise felt better and had some soup before dinner. Then got up and joined us in the dining-room, had some soup and after dinner



we went down into the hotel Casino where  
 an exhibition of gypsy dances had been  
 arranged for the tourists. It was a very good  
 performance and very interesting. Something  
 like the Andalusian dances we had seen in  
 Seville, castanets, dancing etc. But wilder  
 and more ringing and shouting from the ~~of~~ men who  
 weren't dancing but who beat time with their  
 hands and feet, while in Seville it had been  
 only with castanets. Some of the gypsies looked  
 distinctly moribund and they all were most  
 gaudily dressed with flowers sticking up  
 on the tops of their heads and their black hair  
 braided into long flat circles on their foreheads  
 or cheeks.

Saturday, Feb. 12.

Wise felt practically all right this  
 morning and he and Harry, the guide, went  
 down to the bank where I went off to visit  
 a fountain near where I worked yesterday.  
 Cloudy and warmer with sun only occasionally  
 and still cloudy in the afternoon. I had a  
 worse cold to-day than yesterday even  
 and when I began to get different as to  
 going to the fountain for a glass of  
 excellent hot water, E. & W. joined me and  
 he had temp a lot but I think it just as well  
 we are moving on so dry summer as

getting altogether too popular. I said I had 50 at one time to-day and it is awful they crowd us close. I have to keep my eyes and my mind right on my picture and can't bear to look at the children with those burning, sore, sore eyes, miserable eyes and dirt. They are much worse here than in Seville or Algiers and all the living conditions, at least in this part where I have been painting and in the old moroccan quarters too, are awful. I managed to get some sort of a motor and we went back to the hotel for lunch. After lunch we went over to the Alhambra for a last visit and I made a motor in the court of Daraxa, the one that the windows of the room that Washington Irving occupied look out on to. Back to the hotel for tea and to get packed up for our start for Cordoba to-morrow by motor. We leave at eight.

Sunday, Feb. 14.

Got off for Cordoba at 8.10. Had rained hard in the night and the roads were terribly muddy and wet. The sun began to come out as we crossed the Vega and the last part of the morning was lovely and warm and



sunny. We went through Pinar Puesto  
 where Columbus was overtaken by Isabella's  
 messengers calling <sup>him</sup> back to Granada because she  
 has changed her mind and would sell her  
 jewels to get money for his ships. It was  
 beautiful crossing the mts. wonderful views,  
 open country, no trees except the olive orchards  
 covering all the hills, red soil and gray green of  
 olives and gray of rocks, and purple cloud  
 shadows as the sun came out. We went near  
 several very picturesque little walled towns  
 on hills, Alcala la Real, Alcaudete and  
 Baza. As we got nearer Cordova and out  
 of the mountains the country got greener and  
 flatter, more wheat fields. Arrived Cordova  
 about 1.25 so we stopped to change a tire  
 and the going was slow some of the time owing  
 to the bad roads. Passes on the road were  
 dusty etc. all very picturesque. Cordova  
 is very attractively situated on the Guadalquivir  
 which you cross by an old bridge, just  
 Roman foundations to enter the town. The  
 cathedral is very fine as it is still well  
 conspicuous beyond the bridge as you  
 approach the town. It looked fascinating, a  
 soft golden yellow. After lunch at the hotel  
 which seems a very pleasant surprise, clean  
 & comfortable rooms and butler, room enough &

the food good though a bit too spicy. Poor  
 Wase's digestion is not straightened out  
 yet and wine has been upset the last  
 few days. So still it is the bread which is  
 our food and we have it for breakfast and tea.  
 After lunch we went out into a park to  
 see the Cathedral. It is wonderful es-  
 pecially the old mosaic part. Quite the  
 finest mosaic we have seen, much finer  
 in color in its ornamentation than the mosaics  
 in Sicily and the mosaics in Rome. The  
 floor is also very beautiful with thin mosaic  
 and mosaics etc. The mosaic into this  
 mosaic shows of low mosaic columns,  
 with double arches of brick and mosaic work  
 an apparently endless forest of columns. Very  
 impressive and interesting as the columns are  
 old Roman, Byzantine and Gothic. The  
 court of the mosaic is very beautiful,  
 bigger than Sicily, and the tower mosaic  
 is very fine, all yellow, yellow  
 in tone and is old looking with beautiful  
 mosaic drawings which are being put up all  
 down the long sides of the building. The  
 street of the tower is all very narrow  
 and picturesque, none so thin any place  
 we have seen. The color of the houses are



soft and river than Seville in the Santa Cruz  
and the black iron balconies and lanterns  
make awfully nice accents. Lots of very pretty  
gates and fine old houses. We liked it all  
so much and it all seemed so typically Spanish  
and unspoiled (they have very few tourists)  
that we decided to stay over a day and not  
go to Madrid until Tuesday.  
Monday, Feb. 14.

We all slept late as we were rather  
tired and a bit upset in our insides, at least  
Wise and I are still. E. is all right. Dances  
better this morning ~~so~~ ~~apparently~~ but have to  
be careful as apparently Spencer's cooking  
does not agree with us. It will be all  
right when we get to the City in Madrid as  
that is French cooking and you can order à la  
carte. Started out about eleven just to  
walk round in the sun (beautiful day, the  
warmest we have had) and to take photographs.  
~~more~~ ~~enthusiastic~~ than ever about the place.  
After lunch we started out again with my paint  
box. I made a sketch in a narrow street  
near the "mezquita". The usual crowd but  
better behaved and much cleaner and  
healthier than in Granada. A more open  
and respecting and purgative community. After I

finished we took a taxi and drove round  
 for about half an hour, wonderfully picturesque  
 the whole place, no end of fountains and  
 fascinating little squares and lovely old  
 churches, some mosques (there were 300  
 here at the time of the wars) One fountain  
 in the plaza de Patro was uniquely fascin-  
 ating. The water came from the upper  
 part in jets into the big basin below and  
 the women brought long bamboo poles  
 with tin funnels at one end which they  
 placed up under the jet of water, ~~then~~  
 getting the other end of the hollow pole in  
 the mouth of their jets on the rim of the  
 basin below. Then they would stand there  
 in the most picturesque attitudes holding onto  
 the water jets while it filled up. I was very  
 to make a sketch of it. It made an infinitely  
 vivid imagination the fountain, dark green and  
 figures with their ~~own~~ in the old time and the  
 figures of the women - all dark against a  
 white-washed houses behind. The men  
 sitting in from a side street and sitting  
 against the house which had dark red  
 window frames, giving just the warm note  
 necessary, which could be repeated only better  
 in a word of a woman etc. It was too late



5 stops and I was afraid I was too tired and  
hungry for tea to make another date, so we  
went back to our hotel. A bunch of tourists  
about 14 arrived before dinner. I am to be  
English, touring Spain & France by motor.  
We are off for Madrid on the express de lujo  
to-morrow at 11.15 arriving at 9.20 about  
Tuesday, Feb. 15. Lovely day, warm & sunny.

We got up in a leisurely way and  
got off comfortably for our train for Madrid  
which left at 11.20. Got a compartment  
all to ourselves again and had very com-  
fortable journey. Restaurant on train as we  
had lunch there and later on dinner at 7 as  
we had been told we did not arrive until  
9.30 and therefore 10 o'clock a bit too late  
for us to dine after we got there. The  
food was pretty good and wine and I  
am still a bit upset. I felt I could  
hold out just about one day longer and was  
thankful we were bound for the Ritz and  
French cooking. I don't know whether the  
bread, or having to drink mineral water all  
the time or the wine and pepper <sup>and garlic</sup> ~~pepper~~ thing is  
worked in but my insides certainly are in  
a turmoil. The first part of the trip was  
much like the evening we had dinner at the  
house of a friend, nothing more than that.

anywhere but every inch beautiful cultivated  
 mostly olive orchards. As we got up into the  
 mountains, the Sierrita more it got over the  
 valley of course and finally the Mesquitas  
 or Prairie of 2000, a narrow pass with eight  
 tunnels on the borders of Cordoba and  
 this last one was quite wonderful. The rocks  
 were very steep and jagged on either side of  
 the train all a curious formation of broken  
 jagged pieces sticking away up and the rocks  
 were wonderful, black red and rusted yellow  
 pitted over gray. After that one country, just  
 more black and bare and colder and the  
 cultivation began again, large brown and on  
 flat plains it was pretty desolate. The arrival  
 reached at 8.30 as has earlier one, we had  
 been told as we might have got our dinner  
 here after all. The hotel seems very comfortable  
 gives the view look as Paris. Quite a number of mail  
 cars day 1. Feb. 16.

Went out morning but colder than  
 have been having it in Cordoba. All got up  
 rather late, had a very good breakfast in E.'s  
 room. Coffee not of course really coffee but  
 bread and rolls good at least. I was a relief to be  
 able to drink the water and not have to have  
 mineral water. It made me feel better right  
 away and I am sure I shall be all right in



a day or two. After breakfast Wise went downstairs to write letters and read cables and get a Mangoo. While E. and I lazing made a date for 4 in the afternoon for a Mangoo is the hotel coffee place went out to find a Kodak place. I saw the Puerta del Sol. Wise had called up the embassy and was told to come round at 5 this afternoon that Mr. White would see him. They knew he had arrived but had not yet had word about his audience with the King, expected to any day. E. & I walked along the Salom del Prado to the fountain of Cibeles, wonderful wide avenue with trees, and then went to the left down the Calle de Alcalá to the Puerta del Sol. Found the Kodak place all right and came back to the hotel by the Carrera de San Jerónimo stopping at a little shop to get some fascinating things of Toledo work. After lunch Wise & I went to the Prado for my first glimpse of Velasquez. We went straight to the big circular Velasquez room and right opposite the door the first thing I saw was Los Oserinos. It was simply beautiful. So big and yet a perfect unit and so atmospheric and true in its light. And so simple. It almost seemed incredible that any human hand and eye could have

achieved no simpler and beautiful ~~and~~ <sup>and only</sup> a  
~~simple~~ record of a visual image, that must  
 have been full of all kinds of practical  
 difficulties and variations due to the nature  
 of its complicated subject - the children, dog,  
 figures and all. I think he must have  
 happened to see the whole thing in a big  
 mirror and it was instantly photographed  
 as indelibly on his mind that afterwards in  
 painting it nothing could diminish ~~the~~ the  
 simplicity of that impression. The whole is  
 beautiful and parts of it are painted so  
 freely and broadly ~~and~~ but yet they are  
 absolutely adequate in the expression of the  
 whole. The Hilarandas is in the same room,  
 also the Dances (Dancers of Breda) the Figures  
 the full length group & the figures which I  
 like best and which has such a beautifully  
 full detail of light and shade at the feet  
 of the figure (books etc.) that it really would  
 have made the tears come into my eyes if I  
 hadn't looked away. ~~There is something very~~  
~~moving about~~ I could feel ~~just to see his~~  
 reaction to the beauty of it and I know exactly  
 how he loved painting it and the something  
 seems through all his pictures and that is why  
 others are so crazy about his work. Because  
 they feel that he had their ideas and



realized that in the way they are sitting  
 to. And it is wonderful that a thing like  
 that can be passed on to other artists  
 through all these years. Didn't look at  
 anything else very much except the  
 first Delasquez room for my first  
 visit, then were back to hotel for oranges.  
 Not awfully satisfactory but a better wave.  
 Looser and more natural looking than ever before.  
 done without words. E. came off worse than  
 I did but she managed to fix the up register  
 in her room afterwards. Here we had tea and  
 Wise joined us coming from his call at the  
 embassy. He saw Mr. White, charge d'affaires  
 and acting ambassador as Mr. Hammond has  
 not arrived yet from America and liked him  
 very much. Mr. W. said every thing O.K. for  
 Wise's audience and he was sure the people would  
 interest the thing very much. Said they would  
 probably hear about the day net for the audience  
 and that meanwhile he thought it a good idea  
 for Wise to call on Enrique de Mendez the  
 King's secretary presenting his letter from  
 Sr. Pabla. The Spanish ambassador in  
 Washington. Which W. will do tomorrow.  
 He invited Mr. White for dinner Friday night.

Thursday, Feb. 17 clear and sunny a bit cold

We had an opportunity to call on the Marques de San Jorge at the palace No. 1, Street of the Prince (I don't know whether or not and though we were a bit of time and other station (mainly waiting for train in my mind). Then to get to the Marques de San Jorge came out very well. Home to lunch. We had had a very pleasant interview with the Marques de San Jorge. He is a very intelligent, all informed and pleasant man. He is the King will be interested in the future of the country. He wrote me this afternoon and will give me about 1000. After lunch took a taxi and drove for about 10 hours and went to the city, to the Marques de San Jorge, and to the palace etc. I enjoyed the trip very much. The palace was a really magnificent building, with a big garden and a big park. The city was very beautiful. We drove along we saw under a big archway into a big open interior court crowded with people right inside the central court of the palace. We stopped the car and got out and went in and it was extraordinary. I was



~~thousand~~ hundred people, men, women and children, mostly children, all apparently spending a pleasant afternoon there in the sun. Some of the women had brought chairs and the children were playing ball, jumping rope and running in and out among the groups of strolling and chatting people. All this life inside the palace. The main building of the palace stretched as big gravel covered square on one end, the King's apartments adjoining overlooked another corner and all across the side parallel with the street a terraced effect with arches looking out over the country as the palace is at the very edge of the city and <sup>on</sup> the edge of the Table Land the city is built on. There were some soldiers about some working up and down with their guns & bayonets others just chatting in groups among the crowd and the whole place was full of the sound of the voices of the crowd, the shouts of the children etc. It was extraordinary. The King could certainly look out of his window and see his people wherever he wanted to and I suppose they all came there as it gave them a comfortable feeling to be near the palace and under the eye and protection of their sovereigns (naturally of course they probably felt that way) It was an instance of the

inferiority of the whole royal procedure here and the desire of the King to be in touch with his people and not aloof from them. We had had tea and were sitting in the hotel lounge when a card was brought in, a Miss Mary Taylor, Chicago Tribune Press Service. So she came in, a slight young-looking American girl who wanted to interview Wise, get his name etc. we suggest from the Am. Embassy. We had quite a chat and are interested to see what will appear. She seemed to think Wise was a good guy and wanted to read some Spanish reporters to which we agreed. Wise of course gave her a brief about me and then asked me if I would like to have my pictures at a woman's art club here but I declined, didn't want to be represented by such slight things. After our dinner at 8.45, we gradually getting later and later, we stayed downstairs and watched the Spanish people coming in to the dining room, most of them between 7.30 and 10. Many things are being moved along, some later here and Miss Taylor says the whole lot of papers have to get legs and what we consider a reasonable time and



singly Bolivians. It's Bolivians to get up early and go to bed early, give the women of us at home. While we were sitting there a man came in, evidently for a dinner party, took suitcases etc. He came near us and wire was cut it was the Honorable Pina de Rivera and the manager told us it was. He was a tall very erect man, into another large anthropoid and seemed highly strung and full of pep. A funny quavering voice and quite conscious that we were looking at him and apparently had engaged him, kept glancing in our direction to see what impressions he was making.

Friday, Feb. 18.

Another sunny, cool day. We had rather a late, leisurely breakfast then started out to get gloves and a stick for Wise to wear to the palace, photographs etc. wandered round a bit and trying to find the exhibition of paintings by Zubiaurre at the Circulo de Bellas Artes. We found it at all in a new very grand building built for the Circulo de Bellas Artes, a club of the arts, but the exhibition is only open from 6 to 9 P. M. We saw there the announcement of a concert that afternoon, the Orquesta Filarmónica, with an interesting program including Respighi's Pines of Rome so we ordered tickets even we got back to the

Later. After lunch Wise went out to  
 newspaper offices on business and E. & I  
 rested and wrote letters until about five  
 when we had tea and, Wise having got back,  
 we all went to the concert. There was a  
 telephone message for Wise during the  
 afternoon that his audience was set for  
 12 o'clock tomorrow, so we got the tickets  
 and gloves just in time. The concert was  
 very nice, a small orchestra and concert hall  
 tea served at little tables outside in a  
 big salon in the intermission, a very  
 nice, leisurely way to listen to music.  
 The Respighi thing was particularly nice and  
 they played also the *Après-midi d'un Faune* and  
 the Mozart symphony in G minor. We had to leave  
 before the program was over as Mr. White was <sup>(Francis)</sup>  
 coming to dinner at 8-30. He arrived and was  
 very nice, knows the Joe Crews well, has just  
 been ordered to Washington as ass. sec. of State.  
 Had a pleasant and interesting evening and toasted  
 Hope in champagne at dinner as it was her  
 birthday.

Saturday, Feb. 29.

Well, Wise had his audience and I  
 am to paint the King but he can only give me  
 two sittings of 1 hour each. At first I thought



I had better just do a head and then I decided that I would take the large canvas, plan out my composition for that, sketch it all in but finish the head as much as possible even if I have to leave some of the canvas bare. It will be some job but I'll just get as much as I can and work slowly and carefully so that every stroke I do put down will be right. I am to have the first sitting at 11 o'clock on Thursday and suppose we will have a chance before that to arrange about details. Wise went off at 11 looking very smart in his silk hat, green scarf, cut-away and stick and spats. E. & I went to the Prado to pass the time till he came back which he did about 1.15. He said the king was very nice and informal and the whole interview went very well. He speaks perfect English and has a charming personality. After lunch we went out to see the Museo de Arte Moderno, about a 10 minutes walk from here beyond the Post Office which is a very grand building. A very good collection of large canvases painted by Spanish artists within the last hundred years, none of them of a story-telling character with episodes in history for their subjects. Very interesting and we are to go

again as we only had about 20 minutes there, the gallery closing at 4. After we came out we took a taxi to the Puerta del Sol to have some negatives to be enlarged and for duplicate prints and then we walked back to the hotel stopping at my artist material shops. I called Leon off the Calle del Prado - a very good place. I got more brushes, could not get Rubens, and two small pieces of canvas to take home and try and found my stretches which I had ordered 31" x 37" all ready. When I decide on the canvas they will stretch it and have it ready for Thursday. Back to the hotel for tea, lay down for an hour and a half as I was quite tired, not having slept very well last night as the taxi men made such a noise outside the hotel, plus the garage having a dance in the hotel, starting up of notes etc. under our windows. Read the White in Spain. The music and to bed early. Windy to-day - Sunday, Feb. 20, 1941.

Sunny and no wind but still a bit cold. We went over to the Palace to see the changing of the guard at 11. Very picturesque, square of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The uniforms such nice colors against the gray of the palace and the gravel of the



parade ground. One squad of cavalry blue and yellow on white horses, the artillery olive green in tunics of scarlet on bay horses and the infantry dark blue and with red trousers. They marched very slowly, very solemn music, almost a jounce they pulling the legs out straight but not so high as the Germans. A large crowd to see them which immediately moved over the parade ground as soon as it was over, almost before it was over. All very leisurely and pleasant. Afterwards we went to the Prado again until lunch time and after lunch wrote letters and read, and I did a little painting. I sat until tea time. Have decided on the canvas. Use one of the samples very much. When we went down to tea we found the place full and quite festive. Kindly a Sunday afternoon fashionable diversion to dragging at the City for tea. Many nice looking people and ~~graves~~ pretty girls but signs have been <sup>noticed</sup> a crowd in N.Y. nothing left of Spanish costume. We have seen a few ~~residents~~ in the street here but very few with umbrellas and not nearly so many as in Sevilla and none among the smart people who come to the hotel for teas, luncheon etc. About eight o'clock as I was just thinking

of dressing for dinner. Mr. & Mrs. <sup>Maurice</sup> Frankes came to call. I went down stairs and had a nice talk with them. Like them very much. He looks a little like Jim and is absolutely wrapped up in his painting. They invited us to tea at his studio Thursday at 5 and as C. & W. came down stairs about 9 just as they were leaving they met in the hotel lobby and had a little talk there before they left and we went in to dinner. Upstairs about 10 and read aloud the Bible in Spain. Very interesting with its account by an Englishman, Barron, of travel in Spain about a hundred years ago. Tomorrow Wise is going to take me to see the Marques de Torres de Mendoza, the King's secretary, to make the arrangements about the picture. Those men have a room with a single north light in it so they are chance is to get a single effect of light and make that does not change and can be put in directly.

Monday Feb. 21.

A nice, sunny day. We started off the gallery about eleven, all going first to the church. Very interesting - much of armor for men and horse belonging to various kings etc. all mounted on life-size figures,



come on foot and mine on horseback. Wise  
 & I couldn't stay very long but will go  
 again. We left C. street and went into the  
 palace to see the King's assistant, Marquis  
 de Torres y la Mardaga. Wise having written  
 him that we would come to see about the  
 details of the portrait etc. after waiting  
 about an hour we were shown into his  
 office and he told me what to do about  
 sending my cases, cases etc. to the palace.  
 I am to be given a room to have my things  
 in and to work in but unfortunately as  
 it developed in the conversation they could  
 not say whether the king would actually  
 give there or not. They seemed to think I  
 could work on the portrait etc. without him  
 and said that he would have to say where  
 the actual sittings would be. So I can't  
 know till Thursday just what I am up  
 against. The palace, the part we were in this  
 morning, just the office etc. quite allahby  
 and unimposing. We ~~are coming~~ were to  
 come back in the afternoon to see the  
 departments of state, those who etc. when  
 we got back to the hotel I found a note  
 from Mr. Thompson asking me to go out  
 to tea with him and to see the Zuluana  
 exhibition afterwards. I sent him a note by

messengers (a "continental") saying I'd like  
 to very much and would be ready at 5.30.  
 After lunch we were having coffee etc.  
 a ~~few~~ Mr. Paul was announced, the corres-  
 pondent for the Americans and him to whom  
 I had mailed the letter of introduction given  
 me in N.Y. by the Art Club. He was very  
 pleasant and spoke very good English having  
 lived in London 12 years. As it was he  
 left we beat it for the gallery as it was  
 getting late. Had to wait a long time there  
 before the men came to whom we had but  
 got through at last to the artist's  
 material shops on my way back to the  
 hotel and got my remittance etc. for  
 Monday. The gallery rooms were quite  
 good, especially the three rooms where  
 an English artist Mr. Baskin was showing  
 a large collection. A lot of large and  
 ornate clocks, large painted screens and  
 very handsome decorated hangings, some were  
 coverings, elaborate carved and painted  
 furniture etc. On one wall there was a  
 full length portrait of the King on his  
 saddle in full dress uniform, red trousers  
 blue coat, etc. etc. It was quite ably  
 painted in a way but my work in leaving



and the figure did not capture it all or stand out alone, it looked exactly as if the artist had tried to fake it, painting in the table background and figure in that warm, warm enough setting from the sky. It was on the wall with his goats etc. He is who has evidently been working on accessories. The and probably the king had good in another room entirely if at all - the way most of the portraits are done of him, not for one. If it is only a sketch it is going to be from him and no fake stuff. I had a very nice time with son. I finished at tea. Talking about mostly. I didn't care much about the Zuberbuehler pictures, too badly drawn in the big construction of the figures and not always good in design and composition. I had dinner at 9.30 the "Corrida de Gola" that the hotel holds once a week for a bad night life. What are the dining afterwards. It might have a N.Y. cafe except for a certain lack of style & zip.

Tuesday, Feb. 22.

We started off in a closed Hudson car at 9.30 for Toledo. It was snowing and threatening but we decided to take a chance and on the way to T. the sun came out and it was lovely. Straight road, rather bumpy

over wide stretches of cultivated fields  
 on either side and hills on the horizon.  
 The minute we were out of Madrid we were  
 back in Spain of centuries ago almost. The  
 same primitive methods. Water drawn from  
 wells started all over the fields by water  
 wheels turned by blindfolded donkeys. All  
 cultivation by hand. Villages small and  
 picturesque. Reached Toledo about 11.20.  
 First drove round the city to get a general  
 view of it. Wonderfully old and picturesque  
 & weather-beaten. A mass of little houses  
 scattered and alcázar rising from among  
 them all the color of the rock and old walls  
 of the city and surrounded on three sides by  
 the river Tago. Greenish gray in a deep gorge  
 of the skull of Alarcón and all gray rock. Very  
 picturesque old bridges and moorish walls.  
 Went to church of San Juan Bautista  
 built originally as a mausoleum of  
 Ferdinand & Isabella but not used for  
 that as after conquering Granada they  
 decided they would rather be buried there.  
 Was a good deal out of repair and under  
 process of restoration. Scaffolds etc. outside  
 and in and apparently they have been thirty  
 years at it and haven't done much as Badajoz



20.00.00 says "villas coloniales". Then we went  
 to the Iglesia de la Trinitad, originally  
 built as a synagogue by a citizen. The  
 treasures of Pedro de la Cruz. It has been  
 restored by the Marquis de Vega y Godolán and  
 have some very beautiful details of ornamenta-  
 tion. Opposite is the house that El Greco lived  
 in at one time, now restored and maintained  
 as a guest house, into a museum adjoining  
 by the Marquis. Very interesting. Then to  
 the Hotel for a fair lunch. The again of course  
 is the hotel, not a very comfortable one.  
 After lunch to the Plaza de la Trinitad but we  
 walked around a little and got a few things  
 of Toledo work, no doubt, in Toledo, in  
 fact more expensive. Also got some paper.  
 There is a great fair in the Plaza. Wonderful  
 things but if we had time to go to  
 getting more done. Then to the Hotel  
 which is very beautiful, especially the main  
 and stained glass windows. The outside is  
 not so interesting because it is so surrounded  
 by houses and narrow streets. The usual  
 between, gardens etc. Very fine collection  
 of things, especially the jeweled vessels and so.  
 It is a fine effect of the interior, and  
 is a fine collection of the things of the  
 house, the house, and the things of the

after years of absence. When we came out  
of the station it was a flock of 20.  
It was a total surprise when the bird shot  
at. I had heard of, but never seen. They  
were very beautiful. The birds were in a  
line for the service. They were about  
twenty of which I had seen. Looking smart and  
noticeably clean and jolly. The owls  
played the Star Spangled Banner for them  
at various intervals while they were  
at dinner.

Rich - Ray, Feb. 23

We all slept late, <sup>almost</sup> ~~wise~~ until the clock  
 was a Spanish gentleman Señor Enrique de Alzo  
 of the Confederation of Yacht Clubs arrived  
 and he and I accepted with pleasure  
 the N.Y. Yacht Club's cup. E. & I had breakfast  
 about 10 but the first water used up a day  
 again while I went over to the garage  
 to make sure that my car and canoe  
 had arrived and that everything was O.K.  
 for my return to Mexico. Talked to the  
 Secretary's sec. who speaks English  
 and decided that we would do nothing  
 about the house until I see  
 Mr. M. to know what suits me so I can  
 explain to him what I want in the way



of light and background and thought it will  
take a little time from the sitting with you want  
any false starts. Then back to the hotel  
stopping for photographs and to try and get a  
sitting coat or overcoat. I went to a department  
store that the artists' material place recommended  
but the coats were awful, sort of a cross be-  
tween a kimono and a dust coat. I bought big  
cuffs and collars, one button only to fasten it and  
which cut to flare at the bottom. So I didn't  
get one and will wait around here tomorrow  
and find out later from Mrs. P. where I can  
get a decent one. Then back to find E. still  
feeling better, - just tired - as she had consumed and  
lived in her room and Wise and I went down to  
lunch. E. slept most of the afternoon and I wrote  
letters, got a wave etc. Wise didn't get a haircut  
more today. Before dinner W. found E. had a  
slight temp. and we were afraid at first it  
was flu but she enjoyed her dinner in bed  
very much felt much better during the evening  
and before she got settled for the night her temp.  
was normal. She thinks the relief did it. To-  
morrow I have my first sitting !!!

Thursday, Feb. 24.

While we were at breakfast the tel-  
ephone rang and it was the Marques de Torres  
asking if I would put off going to the city until 12

It was cloudy and raining a little. I took  
a taxi to the Paraiso area at about 11.15  
was welcomed into my grandfather's apart-  
ment on a terrace overlooking the sea. The  
natives got the yachete where I was directed  
to at 12.30. The director, Prins de Ribera  
was having an audience and his wife invited  
me into the room where I was. When he  
saw that I was welcomed in to another  
room where were the King and the Duchess  
de Bragança, the King immediately came forward  
and shook hands. I left to get a little  
letter then I reported in a bureau and then  
to the. I liked him at once and very fast  
saw that at last I had achieved my  
direct communication with him and could  
tell him what I wanted in the way of  
light, background etc. for the portrait.  
I showed him my album and he liked the  
my plans and then we started right away  
to move a room. He finally saw that  
I was decided on as was by the way  
and not for other reasons. I think in his  
own room. He was just as sure as he  
could be being just the curtains, chairs  
etc. and gave me the absolutely latest  
and latest things and material. He will



walls dark blue & the curtains and the  
background is plain light gray. The pure  
white single, dress covered and looks on  
his knee. The head about  $\frac{3}{4}$  light. The  
single shadows and the deep redness  
of the dark cloth and the dark shadow on  
the side of the head and black hair will make  
it a fine strong picture with a lot of his  
character of alertness and serious energy.

As we went through one of the rooms before we  
came to the one which we decided on which is  
his bedroom, though, the bed <sup>leaving</sup> covered with dark  
red ~~like the rest of the furniture~~ and, given in un-  
spacious at the far end of the room. I didn't realize  
it at first, we met a lady of about 50 with  
some kind of order or medal on her angle chest. The  
King didn't introduce her exactly just said in an  
offhand way to her: "she is going to paint my portrait"  
and to me "She speaks very good English". She  
looked a bit blank and I murmured something as  
we passed on our way his majesty looking very  
quick, decisive etc. I think we may have been  
(~~to his covered afterwards~~ <sup>the one who is with the Japanese</sup> ~~the Japanese~~ <sup>Sacchell</sup>)  
one of the infantes, his sisters, and I have a  
feeling that he didn't quite approve of our  
final decision of the King's own room to paint in  
and that the suggestion of another room with a  
gray wall, which I had said I wanted, sent by me

of the servants was an attempt on his part to  
 have us use a more formal surroundings. We  
 went to look at the room suggested, the King, the  
 Marquis de Torres + J. but it was huge - a little  
 dark room with big flowers growing over the wall  
 and the King agreed it was "terrible". So we  
 waited <sup>in his bed. room</sup> and just as we were getting settled  
 a door opened suddenly and a lady whom I  
 recognized immediately as the queen came  
 in. She was carrying an embroidered shawl  
 which she wanted the King's opinion of as she  
 was evidently thinking of buying it. She  
 showed it to him, he explained my presence in  
 the room off hand saying "An American artist  
 to paint my portrait", at which I handed her  
 my album of photographs which the  
 Marquis had been looking at. By way of  
 establishing my credentials. She liked the  
 Russian type especially and the Marquis liked  
 Bonaparte's portrait. Then she left us asking  
 the King what time he wanted lunch, at  
 which he said 1.30. She said "Not 1.15?" & he  
 said "Not 1.30," and then "That will give us  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour". So I began, the Marquis  
 writing letters to the King ~~and~~ looking them  
 to him etc. which actually made him get  
 out of pace. Finally he dismissed the Marquis



and we got down to business. Of course I  
 jockeyed him along to keep him from getting  
 bored and he seemed to enjoy it. He admired  
 my dress, and when I said it was very simple  
 he said but very chic and that was why he  
 liked it. Because it was simple. Then I said I  
 had tried to get a jacket, a gown, what was  
 but during the funny futed state they showed me.  
 and he said "To-morrow I have one here for you".  
 When I got through he helped me clear up.  
 watched the process of arranging my gilette etc.  
 with much interest and had no wash  
 (a long marble set in washstand was two basins down one side  
 of the room) and he said to hand me  
 a towel etc. I was so amused at seeing the  
 royal wags. Just before I left the queen came  
 in again, looked at the mate and said the boy  
 it was going to be very good and he said after  
 exclaiming that he had only one eye "Told I  
 think there is quite a bit of me in it already."  
 He gave me an appointment for the next day  
 at 2.30. Back to the hotel quite thrilled and to  
 take W. & E. drove to see and read off a cable  
 to the family. E. & I went to Mr. Frances  
 studio to tea. We didn't feel like going on  
 his suggestion was a bit of a get up. Mr. F.'s studio  
 was in 10, up 5 or 6 flights of stairs. Very  
 old, but very nice indeed. His pictures were

painted in his decorative, rather flat way,  
 almost no shadows, and edges as if the figure  
 were cut out of paper. When I said I didn't  
 see him to get a life portrait in that studio,  
 in all innocence, he said he didn't want to have  
 good everything and painted it out of his head,  
 not as he said it. He was infinitely to do a  
 successful portrait that way I would think,  
 but he had me that an English woman was very  
 there and about saying it was a perfect  
 likeness of the person. Most of his things  
 present things in a landscape background.  
 Back to the hotel to find that Wise had  
 sent a call from the Japanese ambassador &  
 Mr. J. H. Wilson C. had had a letter. We are  
 invited there to lunch on Saturday, but  
 informally as they are in official mourning for  
 the Emperor, in the second period - 100 days  
 of mourning, very strict. 100 days not so  
 strict and the rest of the year half mourning.

Friday, Feb. 25 (cloudy, showers)

Got up late, all were shopping, stopping at  
 a shop to order box made to carry King's portrait  
 home in and at a frame shop (called Le Phao near  
 some of the Lein) to order frame for Louis  
 Martin. The King had asked me to show them  
 to him. Early lunch and off to the palace etc.



King even more friendly and informal than the  
 day before. Had a ~~new~~ white blouse for me. -  
 a funny thing that fastened in the back and  
 had a tape that tied round the middle. The  
 King, just like a kid in his enthusiasm, put  
 it on me, tying the tape round my middle. When  
 I changed it putting <sup>it</sup> lower down so I saw it  
 would make me look fat the King had it  
 he said "I know how to dress ladies, but  
 not so well to dress them". I was a bit  
 taken aback of course but didn't show it.  
 "Merely saying" perhaps the results are better  
 if they dress themselves." The evening was full  
 of the darkness and is plainly out for a good  
 time with me. Told me of he had to have a  
 good time sometimes but that sometimes he was  
 found out and so he had "lost his name", his  
 reputation". I said he could work so much  
 better if he played sometimes. He is very  
 attractive, but with a lot of personal charm  
 and in a boyish, irresponsible manner, but  
 quite earnest and serious when he gets on  
 subjects like the wrong he considers was coming  
 out of Spain in bringing out a large group of the  
 Spaniards and to the rest of our people  
 he is not so much. The King of Spain is  
 the national. The next time, May 1. 2

suppose he feels he can relax with me as he  
 isn't into one of his own people. He is very  
 cunning and naive ~~little~~ ~~and~~ He asked me  
 if I minded his talking and I said not if he  
 didn't move his head. When you ~~is~~ "said" But  
 I don't. In my regime I could talk all the time  
 and they didn't know it because I didn't move  
 my head." When I got through he scraped my  
 palette, ~~glasses~~ standing there a bit helpless  
 after he had got a big job of paint on the  
 palette knife. Then helped me clean up,  
 mopping up my brushes, water bucket, and  
 making the towel for me when I washed my  
 hands. saying "before we finish I want a good  
 salute for you. So you know me better and  
 what's behind my face. We beguest  
 friends". I forgot to say that yesterday he  
 surprised me by after I had finished painting  
 coming up to me and taking his clean hand-  
 kerchief out of his pocket, unfolded it and  
 deliberately wiped my cheek. When I happened  
 I had got a dab of paint on it. I said "Oh  
 you'll wipe your handkerchief" but of course  
 was a bit surprised and just said "It's  
 clean". He arranged for me to come again  
 tomorrow at 10.30 and putting his hand  
 mid about the 2 settings of his ears, and



am just going ahead and will hope to get  
the time saved and keep him amused but  
not too much so. He said "if you tell me if I  
get too naughty" and he is just like a child  
sometimes very and I feel will go just about  
as far as I let him but is of course too  
much of a gentleman not to stop immediately  
if I want it he is getting too fresh.

Saturday, Feb. 26

I got out to the beach a little after  
10. Had a little chat with the after things  
and a meeting. A man in the afternoon  
into lots of decorations who showed me in to  
the room where he appeared later. He was quite  
calm this morning and good much better. He  
admired my legs and asked saying he wished  
he could paint what he could do them as I  
did there, but the rest of the time he was  
quite impersonal. Talked about golf, this  
turning "Hutchinson the best golf player in  
the world, also Gordon Prince. Told me a  
very amusing story about an American  
girl who when he was in London, called  
him up on the telephone saying that she  
had never seen a boy and would like to  
know him. He said a little  
suspicious about her and he said she was

a girl of about 25, rather pretty who travelled with an older woman, had stayed there before, always paid her bills etc. I was being quite amused by the whole thing, at her word that he would see her the next morning at 10.30. She came, was shown into his sitting room and as soon as he saw her exclaimed "Oh yes, you are the thing again" grabbed her by the arm, dragged her down beside her on the sofa and talked to her for a while finally getting her to write his name in his book as she said "a people at home would never believe that she had actually been introduced to him otherwise. He said he liked Americans particularly the women because they were so natural, we stayed at 11.30 Mary as he said "all those people would be waiting for him" he having a long list of audiences to-day and stayed on for half an hour to gain in background etc. He set his wrist to stay with me in case I wanted anything and when I was finished to show me out a bank says "that I wouldn't have to go through the door. Now all the people will be waiting for audiences. The whole excitement he was, was quite an enthusiastic atmosphere



hemmering is the next room and I said "What's that? The King said  
They are doing over the queen's room" She is away for a few days. I am on my alone!" 103

portrait, said it looked very much like his  
majesty, was the best he had had painted etc.  
When I said of course it isn't finished he  
said "O yes. The hands". which I had not even  
begun. So I was quite pleased that he con-  
sidered the head finished and it is his thing  
only of course there are lots of things I want  
to do to it. I am to come Sunday at 2.30  
and am hoping that the Queen will not be  
back from Malaga where she has been the  
last few days. I don't want her to see it  
until it is practically finished. When we were

I got back to the hotel in time to tell C. &  
W. about my seeing and to dress for the  
Luncheon at the Japanese Ambassadors. It  
was quite interesting, an enormous hall,  
high-trussed rooms, mixture of furnishings,  
some handsome Japanese screens, lacquer boxes  
inlaid cabinets etc. Some Spanish furniture  
and ~~carpets~~ making rather a <sup>showy</sup> effect on  
the whole. A quite elaborate luncheon with  
five kinds of wine, The Ambassador Mr. Okto &  
his wife, a <sup>French</sup> Miss Fissen, a girl who spoke  
Spanish and English a little and we three were  
the party. We talked in English which was  
quite well but with some effort. They  
showed us some books of <sup>modern</sup> copies of old Japanese

of painting yesterday

plants and were very cordial and nice. Mrs. O.  
 rather giggly as I believe all Japanese women  
 are. After leaving there E. & W. went to  
 see an English Dr. here. Dr. Gray, to see if  
 he could give them something to clear  
 out their digestions which are a bit upset  
 still. He said it was a pity that everyone got  
 in Granada and gave us a digestive tonic  
 which seems to do the trick wonderfully. I was  
 feeling quite upset by dinner time. As usual  
 no time I went to bed and didn't go down to  
 dinner not feeling I could eat anything. Dr.  
 G. <sup>and C.O.</sup> however fixed me up right away  
 so that I had a good night and was all right  
 the next morning. While E. & W. were at the  
 Dr.'s I went out for the frame I had ordered  
 for my sketches. It is fine and they look much  
 better in it. Then I went to Mr. Eugenio Tardá  
 (Valverde I think) the medical correspon-  
 dent for the American Art News to tell him  
 I was painting the King so I thought to right  
 include the items in his copy for the art news.  
 He was just writing his copy, in his shop of  
 artistic antiques, and seemed glad to get my  
 information. Just before we were about  
 to tea when I got back to the hotel Miss  
 Mary Taylor, the correspondent for the



Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune telegraphed and wanted to see me. So Wise asked her to tea and she came and we gave her the facts being careful that she won't print anything that would look as if I had been speaking conversations etc. with H. M. There is to be only a short notice. She says the Paris office will probably want to interview me and perhaps print a picture of the portrait when we get there. I don't mind this giving the portrait but I don't like the interview idea.

To-morrow we are going to drive out to Alcalá de Henares, an old town about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. from here, take our lunch and seeing I can do a sketch.

Sunday, Feb. 21.

A nice day, warm but the sun sometimes under big clouds. We started at 10.20, had a nice drive to Alcalá de Henares, saw the battle road then to Toledo. The town very old and picturesque. On the first plain but winding streets, houses with blue and red tiled roofs, cream plastered walls showing bricks when plaster was worn off. General color grayish brick and cream color with some yellow in the beautiful old facade of the Universidad and the building that was the

palace of the Archbishop of Toledo, now  
 restored and used as ~~an~~ archives for old  
 documents. We saw that, all open, even  
 the cases unlocked, and a small boy took us  
 through, also the university, fine old hall  
 where they had the lectures etc. and went  
 into a little old church <sup>where services were</sup> where service was  
 just beginning. After that we drove round  
 the town and found a nice place for lunch  
 by a little river. After lunch came black  
 bulls came along, driven by three men  
 who let us photograph them, and we stayed  
 there for a while across the little river in a  
 little steam boat pulled by hand by a  
 huge overhead wheel from horse power.  
 After that we went to a place where I made a  
 sketch of an old castle by a brick wall. The  
 view of the city and hills beyond and in a  
 field nearby one of the wells with water  
 wheels that are all over the fields here.  
 Then we drove home after stopping first  
 in the main square of the town to see the  
 children and boys & girls all dressed  
 in costumes with mantles for the carnival  
 which last for three days. I was in the  
 town Wednesday. On the way out we  
 saw some of the big black bulls raised



for the bull-ringing grazin is a big field  
beside the road and ~~photographed~~ ~~there~~.

They are fine, dignified looking animals  
and it is ~~an~~ ~~amused~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~them~~ ~~to~~  
kill them, but as Wise says it is a more  
exciting death than the slaughter house.

There is a bull fight Wednesday and Wise is  
going and I may go too. I don't want to  
and I'm not sure but I think I will as  
my keeping away won't prevent its going  
on and I would rather like to have some one  
though I am quite sure I don't enjoy it  
all. However they say they don't use  
horses now, or if they do they wear an  
armor to protect them. I know I wouldn't  
go if the horses were to be victimized but  
it doesn't seem quite as bad as the bull  
for a chance to fight. I don't know, I  
haven't quite made up my mind about  
it but would like to see lots about the  
quadrado. Señor Estorquie de Ulloa, the Sec.

of the Federación de Clubs Nauticos de España  
came to call on Wise about 8.15, bringing a  
cordial acceptance of the <sup>N.Y.</sup> yacht club's cup  
from the President of the Federación. Also  
Don Marqués de Torres stopped in to see all  
over that I had got a message ~~through~~ ~~about~~  
the sailing tomorrow, that they had telegraphed to

the hotel from the Palace. It is to-morrow at 2.30 as I had understood but evidently the King thought ~~the~~ had said Tuesday. E. & I saw Sr. Ulao for a few minutes when we came down for dinner at 9 o'clock. Very polite and gushy and speaks English very well. He and Winc had also fixed up having Bilbao, near San Sebastian, as a station for the cruising club of America.

Sunday, Feb. 28.

Cloudy, occasional showers. We went out in the morning to do errands, to get mailings for plane for portrait, go to Cooks to plan out our itinerary etc. We plan now to leave Friday or Sat. or earlier if I can get the portrait done, go to <sup>Burgos</sup> ~~Segovia~~, San Sebastian, thence to Carcassonne, then Arles, Orange and Paris, sailing from Antibes on the Berengaria, March 26. Met Mrs. Hodges, the artist who was at Seville, also at Granada, at Cooks and told her about painting H. M. She was tremendously impressed and congratulated me very sincerely and cordially after lunch got off at two for my meeting. H. M. was a bit worried and bothered at first, had had a trying morning, a visit to a ~~the~~ hospital where the interns and press etc. crowding around the bed-side of a



patient who was very sick, arranged him as because  
 of the danger to the sick man. That he had them  
 sent away. Also a trying interview with one of  
 his ministers back from the "Canary Islands"  
 with a report about some injustices to the people  
 there practiced by a priest. He was furious and  
 was going to take steps to set things right  
 which would not be possible under the con-  
 stitution but now that the country is under a  
 dictator he can do. He blew off steam quite a bit  
 about these worries but gradually calmed  
 down and finally getting on to the subject of  
 music. He sang me a lot of the national airs,  
 trumpet calls etc. and some music from a  
 current operetta in Madrid now. I was playing  
 his lute and with great self-restraint he  
 managed to keep them fairly still but rolled  
 his head round, tapped his foot and sang  
 with great energy not always on the key. In  
 fact most of the time not. When annoyed up a  
 bit from the bugle calls for attention being, in the  
 music they play for the elevation of the host,  
 which he said always annoyed him when it occurred.  
 In 1900, we got on the subject of religion. He asked  
 me what I was and when I said I was bapt-  
 ized as a Protestant Evangelist he wanted to know  
 if they believed in the immaculate conception.

He said he always thought there was some-  
thing to be said on both sides - that of the  
~~the~~ "corruption" was "immoral"  
it was all very long and fine but rather  
hard on people! When he took a seat he  
came and stood behind me and looked at the  
picture and he thought it was going to be  
a success and all of a sudden kissed me on  
the top of my head very lightly. Then he  
went and posed again for me to wear up  
some patches of canvas in his coat and hands  
that were still bare and that bothered him.  
We picked out the moulding for the frame, agreed  
to get the little flag of the Federation of  
Spanish youth clubs up in the corner of  
the portrait and he asked me if I and E. & W.  
would not like to come to the house in the  
cruiser on Saturday (last Wed.) at 11. Of  
course I said we would be delighted and  
he said the marquis de Torres would  
communicate with us about it. He liked  
my dress (black with iron bands of dark  
red at collar and cuffs) but when I was  
washing my hands at his big marble wash  
basin he came over and pulled my skirt down  
a little in the back. I think the lack of  
regards did that a little it also rained.



times with that dress and I forget to put on  
 another one. I asked him "if it was too  
 short and he said "not at all! I prefer it was  
 shorter. You have very pretty legs," and then  
 wonderfully just like a child, "I like to see more".  
 Of course I said we can't always have what  
 we want. Whenever he said "Why not? It  
 is very agreeable that matter." If he  
 weren't so attractive and gentle and if  
 anyone he would seem unacceptably faint  
 but I know perfectly well that he wouldn't  
 be objectionable for a moment. The things he  
 says are only the result of ~~some~~ the  
 exhortation of what he is naturally and of  
 being born a King and I suppose privileged  
 to do as he likes always. But he is very  
 kind and gentle and would <sup>not</sup> do a thing  
 that anyone would not like. He is coming  
 to-morrow, next Wednesday at 2.30.  
 When he admired my dress I said that I  
 ought to have dresses full of clothes so that  
 I could wear a different dress every day.  
 He said "Why?" and I said to give you  
 something different to look at. Whenever he said  
 "Oh, I like the new one. I myself I put  
 only two pins into each waist and then the  
 the tailors are furious." After I got back

to the hotel, stopping to visit the farm. To be ready Thursday, we had tea and then I went round to call on the Franceses. Expecting that Mr. F. just using me. Mrs. F. was at home. He took me back to show me the apt. Lovely view over road to the country from my terrace, then walked home to hotel with me and we went to the Palace Hotel for dinner as there was a Corail de Gala here starting at 9.30 and we wanted dinner earlier. Very good in general. When we got back found Mrs. Frances had. She had evidently called while we were out as before we were home I heard from Mr. F. that I had been there. We are trying to arrange a day to have them to tea.

Tuesday March 1.

Colder but sunny, windy. big clouds. Windy today. We went out for a walk in the park all petals and saw the foot. Very interesting and beautifully arranged. We made a fairly artistic arrangement of pink walls. flower beds, clipped yew, tiled benches, and the church and high domes, not original in design, but interesting in itself, little park. All very decorative and modern, and some a modern, and



young people in costume as they have been  
 all over the city for the last three days.  
 The first of these was a collection of all  
 kind of children's toys & games. We  
 got tickets up for the whole of the day. The  
 King had had his share, and I got a ~~copy~~  
 about for him, as a gift from the L. said he  
 liked for his little children. We got a  
 cake and the last lot of cakes for home.  
 The next day had our regular weekly service  
 in the church. The service was very quiet &  
 the King. The service in the morning with  
 the Bishop. There as they were made a lot  
 of mistakes. I am interested that the Queen  
 was staying in the house until the 1<sup>st</sup> of  
 April. She is not coming back until the  
 summer. She is now in the country before  
 she comes to the city. The Marquis de  
 Torres called about tea-time to bring us an  
 invitation to the Ash Wednesday service  
 at the Royal Chapel to-morrow at 11. Ladies  
 have to wear mantillas so I shall go out early  
 to buy some and some work for L. & me.  
 Caballeros, trajes de ceremonia, which I shall  
 mean a frock coat & tall hat for us. I  
 after tea we went to the Teatro Apolo to see  
 La Calavera a musical comedy that the King

had told me was good and one of which he had sung some of the tunes. It was very good and I enjoyed it thoroughly and found I could understand a good deal of the Spanish. am going to get some of the music to-morrow. after the theatre which got out about 9 o'clock began at 6.30. we went to the Palace Hotel Grill for dinner. Then back to the Ritz about 10.30 and bed though it seems funny to go to bed so soon after eating a dinner.

Wednesday, March 2.

Clear and sunny and I hoped to get some good kicks in on the beach at my meeting this P.M. I went out a little after 9 to get our mantillas and umbrellas to wear to the palace. I got the excellent ones they showed me but they were huge, imitation of course. 9 pts. but the mantillas were quite effective ones 27 pts. We got them on as they looked all right but didn't feel very firm as we didn't know exactly how to fix them and they didn't stay in place very well which bothered us both a good deal though I think true at the crucial moments during the morning we managed to have them about right. I discovered looking at others around us at the palace where we ought to



have put hairpins to keep them from pulling  
 back on the cables and slipping off and by the time  
 I got home and fixed mine up again for E. to  
 photograph I had the lot of arranging it quite  
 well. We ought to have asked the Spanish  
 Ambassador or someone how to fasten them in  
 place but we left in rather a hurry and didn't  
 take the time. We got to the palace a little  
 after 10.30 and were shown up to the Marquis  
 de Torres de Medoza's office and he took us to  
 the galeria or enclosed balcony around the court  
 yard of the palace where the people were waiting  
 to see the King and the rest of the procession to  
 the palace chapel. He gave us fine places to  
 stand in the doorway of an ante-chamber from  
 which we could see the procession coming right  
 towards us ~~as~~ where it turned the corner to the  
 right. The guards came first in scarlet faced black  
 coats, white breeches and black jaiters, then I think  
 the grandees of Spain in very elaborate uniforms  
 of different orders then the royal family, church  
 dignitaries etc. and more guards. There was a big  
 open space left in the procession before the King  
 that we saw him the full length of the gallery  
 as he came towards us and he looked perfectly  
 great, in full dress <sup>artillery</sup> uniform, dark blue with gold lace  
 epaulettes, order, sword etc. He looked straight ahead

with a wooden expression, and very evil carriage  
 He could not keep seeing us as he came along and  
 as he caught my eye I saw the look of rec-  
 ognition, and then the funniest amused and  
 rather mischievous smile, or rather not a real  
 smile that just as if he was trying not to. I was so  
 amused to be standing there in a mantle and  
 all and quite thrilled too he looked so stunning  
 and the whole thing was so impressive. After the  
 procession had passed the marguies took us up  
 some narrow stairs together with two girls, the  
 daughter of the English ambassador and a  
 friend who was visiting her, to a looking  
 high up in the chapel, so that we looked down  
 through the canopy on the main altar, almost on  
 the top of the king's head as he stood, and  
 knelt at the throne, the chair beside his for the  
 queen being empty as she is still away. At  
 his right were the infant Carlos who married  
a cousin  
~~of his~~ of his, his two sons boys of about  
 15 and 17, the Infanta Isabella (his "old aunt  
 Isabella") and another son the husband of his  
~~other sister Maria Theresa~~ Maria Theresa was died in 1904  
 and who he told me later was his "first friend".  
 All the procedure of the mass was of course  
 very interesting. Being on Wednesday the  
 service was solemn and so again. All very



column and the cardinals, bishops etc. very im-  
 pressive. Afterwards we went down stairs again  
 to see them come out of the chapel and the king  
 looked at me again as he passed and smiled  
 a little rather tired and bored. In the chapel he looked  
 up at the balconies three or four times in a casual  
 way but could not see us as we were behind the  
 high railing. I wondered if he could really be  
 looking for me but he said afterwards at the  
 meeting that he was and that he had had the  
 chamberlain to put us down in a balcony  
 belonging to some Duke or other who he knew was  
 away. After seeing the whole procession go by  
 we went and stood overlooking the garden there were  
 some six or seven views the garden as they went  
 down. They did wonderfully in the most per-  
 fect manner. The band playing the national march.  
 It was a wonderful night, the whole thing and I  
 shall never forget it. After lunch I went  
 down for my meeting. The king seemed a bit tired  
 and less interested but was rather better. He  
 seemed up to it and to get the band quite a bit  
 more down. I said I shall have to finish it up  
 in the more sitting and told him I thought I  
 would. He looked a bit relieved for a second  
 and then said "But I shall be very busy in  
 some days". I said "So shall I" and I walked

shall feel badly that I shall probably never see  
 him again, certainly never in an informal and  
 nice a way. He is very appealing and I feel no  
 wrong for him to-day when he talked about not  
 having had any choice in the matter, having in  
 fact been king 6 months before he was born as  
 his father died then. ~~He~~ <sup>I</sup> said I knew that and that  
 his mother was regretful ~~of him~~ and he said "yes  
 I heard I in her tummy, but when the time  
 came I didn't want to come out. Perhaps  
 because I didn't want to be king. To be the  
 king there had been a terrible wind storm in  
 London and trees were blown down and my  
 mother went to drive to help some people  
 who were hurt and the carriage going over  
 the branches lying in the street shook me up  
 so that I changed my mind and that night I  
 was born. But I wish it was like a  
 Republic 4 years and you are the King.  
 Oh, that would be wonderful!" and he got quite  
 excited and showed me his arms. "I would  
 go to the ends of the earth, away from family  
 and everything". Then later we got talking  
 about hypochondria and he told me about  
 a hypochondriac in London at a friend's  
 home and how he would not be hyp-  
 notized but would do it to others. Could



will his things to follow his commands in general  
 and make a person in the latter than usual  
 by looking at the back of his head. He was  
 rather boresome and a bit superstitious in all that.  
 His Roman Catholic type of mind, though he seemed  
 to have followed the geological researches of his  
 in England and America very carefully, when I  
 dugged and was clearing things up I discovered  
 that I had got paint on the floor and had been  
 tracking it around as I walked back and forth.  
 He said it was a bad omen and it was  
 some offensively with the painting but I was afraid  
 I could get it on the walls going out so I  
 started to wipe off the walls of my slaves with  
 tapers but he insisted on my getting down and his  
 doing it for me. I took off as many as I could  
 he wouldn't have to stop over as and he put the  
 on again and brottened it up for me and wiped the  
 walls. Then were things the same period as of  
 wrapping up my brushes, even worse than usual  
 just wrapped up in the paper, and holding the  
 brush for me when I washed my hands. Forgetting  
 my glasses taking off my glasses etc. He gave me  
 a box of chocolate that he said his son, I think  
 his name, was to make off his things tall 6' 2"  
 and brought home to him from Paris. and  
 the girls were just as nervous as he would be.

The next, and possibly the last, sitting is set for Friday at 2.30 and the morning we go out to the Escorial. He told us where he was to be quite away there but I don't like the idea of waiting any seeing it very much. It will be rather gloomy from the guide book and we may spend most of our time out doors and I can make a better. The Paris edition of the Sunday Times has a story about my getting all over all on the front page. Miss Taylor's. all very well worked out about 6 miles at it. Suppose I may be in for some interviews later.

Thursday. March 3.

Lovely day, sunny and warm and springlike. We started at 10 to drive out to the Escorial taking my motorizing things as the description in the guide book made the Escorial route so gloomy that we thought we might like to give it the once over only and then get out in the country somewhere where I hoped to go. The drive out was quite interesting. A very good road and it was nice to go out from Madrid in a still different direction from Toledo and ahead of the Escorial. Quite soon the road country began to get very barren and ugly so we were headed straight for the canal-



jagged Quadarrana rocks. It got bleaker  
 and bleaker, just crumbling gray rock in  
 queer shapes, gorges and nooses - after about an hour  
 and a half we saw some high rectangular  
 buildings of the colonial into its towers rising  
 above a little village of wops on a spur of one  
 of the foothills of the ~~rocks~~ snow covered mts.  
 behind it. We drove straight there and quit  
 until lunch time going through it. An enormous  
 massive place, ugly architecturally from the  
 outside, plain gray stone walls with rows of  
 little windows, towers at each end and a big  
 cupola in the center which is over the coro-  
 delo of the church. Inside endless corridors  
 of gray stone, the church quite impressive,  
 plain columns, a fine retablo ~~at~~ behind the altar  
 with statues of Philip II, Charles V, their  
 wives etc. a little door at the right in the  
 chapel leads directly into the living  
 quarters of Philip II. The little room is  
 remarkable being within a few yards of  
 the altar. These rooms look out on the terraced  
 box hinged formal gardens, the only beautiful  
 thing about them. But they were very interesting  
 in his death, chair, little chair in which he  
 rested his gouty leg, and a chair in which he  
 was carried out ~~from~~ from Madrid in his last

all was, I was convalescing very slowly and was  
 seated in a back room of one of the stalls  
 where Philip used to sit to wait for the progress  
 of the building of the church. It was close to the  
 right of the church and had a view of the city  
 and the houses of the Egyptian Kings.  
 In the afternoon we went on to the city and  
 by the window high up had had some  
 valuable carvings on shelves one above the other  
 up to the ceiling in the room of the museum,  
 in fact on those that were occupied.  
 The day told me yesterday when I said we  
 were going out to the museum just where he  
 was to be put, saying in a naive way (as if  
 the child would not find it out to say so, as  
 of course he did). "When you go in look at the  
 lowest one on the left. That is where I <sup>shall</sup> ~~be~~  
 be". Of course I said I shouldn't like to  
 look at it and it is rather awful to know that  
 the tomb and all are ready and waiting for you,  
 but on the other hand, when I was not there, I  
 thought that after all we all have to be  
 turned away somewhere and it certainly  
 was very dignified and impressive. It  
 seems somewhat ridiculous to find that his  
 death and all thoughts are so fixed and  
 decided as for him so his life and fun.



~~Before~~ before he was born was laid out for him.  
 It is as if he had been ~~just~~ forced into the  
 mould of his form before he was born. Of course he's not the only one but his  
 generosity, so spontaneous and natural, makes  
 it seem more so. However I guess he  
 manages to forget it sometimes. The tables  
 mostly were mostly of white marble for  
 the children & guests who had not agreed  
 and we saw the tables of Alfonso's two  
 sisters, Mercedes and Maria Theresa, the last  
 being the younger one who died in 1904 and  
 who he told me was his "best friend". He had  
 had a large grey marble as a table for her  
 in a separate little chapel which  
 showed his feeling for her. It was all beautifully  
 done and the whole thing very beautiful  
 after the visit at the hotel we went back to  
 see the palace part of the building, not occupied  
 by the royal family since the time of Don Sebastian  
 Segura ("my old grandmother") died in 1820.  
 It was then thought that after some time  
 was moved into the palace by order of  
 Madrid from designs of Goya, and it  
 is color and much better than the original  
 painting pattern in the Prado, which I thought a  
 bit grotesque and woodeny but which when  
 turned into tapestries give a very nice

decorative effect. The floors were covered  
with golden yellow matting and the  
chairs and sofas were upholstered in red  
giving a nice cheerful color scheme with  
the tapestries. The room looked over  
the gardens across the wide glass and it  
would make quite a nice summer palace  
if it was not for the gloomy proximity of  
the maturing chapel. Then we went out  
in the garden to see if there was anything  
to be seen. But there wasn't, too much  
wind etc. so we got in the motor  
and drove back through wooded country.  
We would stop by the road side if I saw  
anything I wanted to paint. We did stop  
near a stone cross once by a house  
which led into the black country beyond. It  
was a more rugged mountain in the  
horizon. Some children of course appeared,  
and I got a little boy in a jacket, sitting  
on a rock under one tree. Home about  
6.30. Bitter a dash of rain, a nice autumn

Friday  
~~Saturday~~, March 4. Sunny in morning  
cloudy in afternoon with showers about 5 P.  
We sat all day at home doing house-keeping  
while Will went to the business library to



pay his respects to Mrs. Ogden Hammond.  
 The American ambassador who has just arrived  
 also to get our passports, visited for France.  
 When we got back we found Wick had re-  
 turned with an invitation to tea at the  
 American embassy this afternoon at 5.30  
 I waited for my sitting at 2 o'clock, was  
 shown right up. The King was still at home  
 but I went over to his room and got my  
 portrait out etc. and the frame on the portrait.  
 It looks all right and I was glad to have it  
 so the King could see it once in the frame.  
 He came in a little before 2.30 with  
 a lot of photographs in his hands of houses  
 in Washington that they are thinking of  
 buying for the Spanish embassy there. He  
 was feeling rotten, had quite a cough and a  
 temperature and said he had slept very  
 badly last night because of his cough, and  
 he thought he was coming down with flu.  
 David thought it was awfully good of  
 him to sit and he said it was easier  
 than seeing people or working at his desk.  
 Then he asked what we did yesterday and  
 I told him about going out to the carnival  
 and that we found it very interesting and  
 enjoyable. He talked quite a bit about

Philip II and then got started on tracing the whole history of the successors from Philip down. I had to work on land, painting his lands. which however he did not keep very still that I couldn't listen as much as I wanted to. The poor deer felt quite rotten and ran into his eyes most some of the time. As we got near the end of the sitting and I was going to finish it I said "I thought I would be able to do the rest at the hotel and would take it away with me to-day. He said "Then I shall not see those pretty legs again." I said I supposed not. Then I told him how much I appreciated the time he had given me and the trouble he had taken and that it meant a great deal to me to paint him and was more to have the chance to do a real portrait and not a sketch and that he had helped me a great deal in my work by giving me so much time. He said "I think we are both hard workers and we must help each other." He said he liked the portrait very much. would like a photograph of it and thought a nice model have a very good portrait of him. He said that everyone who had seen it thought it very



good affairs but a bit sad. So he sat again  
 and though it was difficult for him, as he  
 was feeling so rotten, he smiled so that I  
 could get it in and I think I did get it at  
 the expression I wanted. He put his arm  
 around me then during which he kissed the  
 top of my head again ~~but it was~~ and I  
 kissed him more so that I did him. He  
 is very sweet and affectionate and altogether  
 a dear. He put a ~~taxi~~ servant to call a  
 taxi for me, helped me clear up as usual  
 getting praise on his hands so that he had to  
 go and wash them and finally I went off  
 with 2 men carrying the frame and my  
 paint box and I swung in the portrait down  
 the complicated <sup>private stair case</sup> of the gallery  
 for the last time. I got everything back to  
 the hotel safely and C. & I are very  
 about the portrait, ~~it~~ "it is the  
 best I have ever done. There are things I want  
 to fix up, background, drapery etc. but the  
 head is fine and simple and exactly like  
 him and I like the way the coat is painted.  
 Before I left, a friend of his, I think his <sup>name</sup> ~~name~~  
~~name~~, one Waque de Miranda came to go  
 with him to a religious ceremony that is  
 being held in one of the churches to-day <sup>and</sup>  
~~the~~ I may find out, this is the first of the series

something and everyone goes. There cheer is  
 over the city and there has been a crowd of  
 people blocks long all day going in and  
 coming out. The king said that as the queen  
 and his family were away he thought he had  
 better do it this first Friday eve morning.  
 The Duque de Miranda saw the portrait of  
 course and liked it. Though at that moment  
 unfortunately it was not of the scene and  
 was just going. When I went the king said  
 "good-bye and good luck to you" and I said  
 "good-bye to you, too and more", he standing  
 very erect almost at attention and looking  
 after me. Wise is to see him to-morrow at  
 1.30 to say good-bye and thank you, that is  
 if he is well enough, which I hope he will  
 be. After I got back to the hotel and  
 changed my clothes we took an automobile  
 to the American embassy for tea. A  
 large and very handsome house which the  
 Hammonds have rented from a Spanish  
 marquess. I saw people there, Mr. &  
 Mrs. Hammond and their two daughters  
 nice single girls. Grafton Chester of Boston  
 a Mr. & Mrs. Sorely, Americans and two  
 or three very nice Americans, including  
 Mr. Harlin of the embassy. Mrs. Hammond



poured tea and talked incessantly, a petite  
 blond, nervous and evidently crazy about  
~~the~~ the importance their position brings them and  
 the prominent people they meet. Large sized  
 photographs of the King & Queen, <sup>Princess</sup> and  
 various royalties of other countries. Mrs.  
 Hammond took us through the various  
 large salons and showed us two huge  
 portraits of herself and Mr. Hammond, full-  
 length painted by a Spaniard "next to Tulo-  
 eza" in his words. Rather effective, chiefly  
 from their size but not well constructed  
 and not lifelike. Mr. Hammond in  
 traje de ceremonia, on a terrace of the palace,  
 awaiting an audience with the King. Mrs. H.  
 in red velvet on a sofa, fancy background of  
 Colustrade etc. Both had taste in my opinion,  
 especially his. We asked them to come and  
 see my portrait to-morrow and they are  
 coming. ~~Then we went~~ There was a large full-  
 length portrait of George Washington there which  
 Mr. Hammond had good reason to believe was  
 a Gilbert Stuart as he was in Spain at the  
 time it was known to have been painted and the  
 head certainly is like the Contesadum Washington.  
 I liked Mr. Hammond better than Mrs. though  
 she might be better often we got over wrong off.

Then we went to the Japanese Ambassadors and left our cards with a note asking them to come and see the portrait to-morrow. We sent notes to Sr. Ulao, Sr. Tench, the Furness, the Marquis de Casa Torres from whom I found a letter in response to Sr. Huertes (my Spanish teacher's brother) writing to him to look me up. I also wrote to the Marquis de Santa Clara who I forgot to say came to call at 1.30 just before I was leaving for the palace, also through Sr. Huertes, and wire you in touch with the Ass. Press man.

Saturday, March 5.

Wine had his audience at 11.30. E. packed and I posted on the portrait, fixing up the background and dais and putting in the insignia of the Federación de clubes nauticos españoles which is the Spanish flag with a coronet in the middle and a little black anchor in the upper left corner. I put it in the upper right hand corner of the portrait where it made a nice spot of color against the gray wall and in the opposite corner put Alfonso XIII in gray letters. Before 12 I had to go to the Am. consulate to sign a paper to certify to the authenticity of the portrait as true as



will not have to pay duty on it in America  
 also to the French consulate, give Harry,  
 to see if anything was necessary to take it  
 into France. Nothing needed apparently. Then  
 back to the hotel stopping in the Prado to  
 have a photograph taken by one of the men  
 who have machines in the Park. I had to leave  
 it for the time or wise of my passport.  
 A terrible looking war. before photographs, but  
 it will do for the Passport. ~~also~~ Wise  
 got back to the hotel soon ~~after~~ <sup>before</sup> lunch, said  
 the king was seeing germs into his throat  
 wrapped up, had gone to bed right after the  
 sitting yesterday and had been ordered by  
 his doctor not to go out for three days, otherwise, he  
~~had~~ <sup>said</sup>, he would have ~~to~~ surely come to the  
 Hotel this afternoon. I was so disappointed  
 of course though I hadn't really thought he  
 would come. It would have been wonderful  
 to have him there and I would love to have  
 seen him again. He told wise that I was  
 remarkable the way I kept my notes  
 interested, never a dull moment and said he  
 liked the idea of having his name in the  
 other corner to balance the flag. I wish he  
 could have seen it when it was all finished  
 I am quite thrilled by the way it looks and

anyone who has seen it is very enthusiastic  
 about it. I finished it and washed my brush  
 and was dressing to go downstairs for the  
 party (my black georgette into the gray fur  
 on the skirt, silver rose on shoulder, long  
 string of pearls, black velvet hat with  
 silver ribbons) when the newspaper men  
 came. I went down and there were three  
 of them and a photographer, the Soc. Photo,  
 the <sup>Real</sup> Photo, and the International Photo and  
 the photographer, into the wide world photo  
 of the New York Times as it seems as if there  
 ought to be something in the American  
 papers. Let's Miss Taylor come and see.  
 I took of the hat soon and after that, a lady  
 gave a Spanish object, from the White  
 House and interviewed me. A bit difficult  
 as he couldn't speak any English and his  
 Spanish was some dialect that it was  
 hard for me to understand. However I  
 think I answered most of his questions  
 and gave him enough material for a write-up.  
 Before the people began to come the wide  
 world photographer took several pictures of  
 me and wrote the portrait. I feel  
 rather foolish but suppose that is one of the  
 possibilities of painting reality. Soon after



the photographers even left the people we had  
 invited began to work and it was awfully  
 nice. They had fixed up one of the salons in  
 the hotel with palms, screens, tables for tea  
 etc. and the portrait on an easel and it  
 really looked very well. Everyone seemed  
 genuinely enthusiastic and the photographers  
 told me that they had told him at the  
 place that it was the best the King had had  
 painted as it was so natural, did not  
 flatter him etc. as other artists had. Mr.  
 Finkes seemed to think I had done a good  
 job too especially with the head. Mr. &  
 Mrs. Hammond liked it very much and also  
 my book of photographs of my other portraits  
 and Mrs. Hammond said she would like  
 me to paint her son, now in Harvard,  
 when they come back to the States. The  
 Marquis de Casa Torres, Sr. Huerta's friend,  
 came and talked only Spanish but I  
 managed to get along with him fairly well.  
 He was very nice and going to see us as he  
 wanted to show me his collection of paintings.  
 He is one of the directors of the Museo de Prado,  
 and has Goya's 'Titians', a Velasquez which is  
 unique as it is a head painted out doors,  
 letters of Goya etc. So sorry I can't see it.

The people who came as nearly as I can remember were, Mr. & Mrs. Hammond, the am. ambassador, Mr. White and Mr. Hamlin (Secretaries of the embassy); the Japanese ambassador and Mrs. Ohto; Mr. & Mrs. Fowkes, the Marquis de Casa Torres; the Marquis de Torres de Mendoza; Señor Ulao, the Sec. of the Federation of Spanish Yacht Clubs; Mr. & Mrs. Chaboune, head of the International Barking Corporation; Señor Angel, the Marquis de Torres Secretary; Sr. Tardel of the American Art news; Mr. Grafton Cushing, Mrs. Hammond's cousin from Boston; and Miss Constance Drexel who is stopping at the Hotel and who looked up E. as she knew Mrs. Carvallo and who is a writer and is going to write a magazine article on King Alfonso while he is in Madrid. She said she would like to use a photograph of my portrait of him as an illustration of the article and may mention the circumstances of my painting him. We will have the portrait photographed in Paris and send one to her by the Barkers Trust Co. Everyone was very ~~interes-~~ estic about the portrait and it seems to be quite a success. We have had a case made for it and will carry it along with us, leaving the frame shipped separately. Packed until late



as we leave to-morrow at 9.30. The Marquis de Torres sent me several photographs of the King as he thought the line of mutton on one side of his face in my portrait was a bit sharp and he thought the photographs might help me. Of course I didn't need them to fix that but am very glad to have them. One of them showing in ordinary dark coat, looking thick and soft but in his livery is especially good of him. The others are more formal in uniform etc.

Sunday, March 6

We got off comfortably, saw Don. White and his dog for a few minutes on the station platform and later he came and joined us in our compartment for quite a while. He was en route for Paris to join his wife who is there expecting a baby in a few weeks, after which they sail for the U.S. as Don. White is to take up his new duties as a... ec. of state to Don. Kellogg. We got a copy of Le Malin at the station to me if my interview was in it and it was with a photo. which was one of the was taken by the Wide World photographers. The write-up was all right and apparently the reporter got the facts all straight except that he said that Don. H. A. Wise was travelling with me and didn't mention C. Ratten downing. We had a comfortable

journey to Burgos, lunch ~~and~~ on train, rather too Spanish. Got to Burgos about 4.30. Country bare, rather uninteresting. Went to Hotel de Paris at Burgos. Not very good, not clean and food too Spanish. Raining a little when we arrived and city very muddy. Took a little walk and went into the cathedral for a moment. Perfectly wonderful. Town very old and picturesque, some narrow streets. Back to hotel for rather good tea, dinner and bed early as we were all tired.

Sunday, March 7. Gray and drizzly.

Got started early to see cathedral. Perfectly beautiful. Rich in ornament and all kinds of interesting detail and is wonderfully massive and old. Beautiful iron grill work and one cloister singly lovely. Much more austere than Sevilla but more beautiful Gothic. The people and whole place seem grim and austere. Bosque types into caps and big grained blankets. Children often dressed in black, with stockings and not the bare legs up to the top of coat of Spain. After leaving the cathedral we got a taxi and drove out to the Carthusian convent of Miraflores about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. out in the country. Beautiful old convent about 30 monks, one of whom in brown with big head shaved as



through the church. Beautiful carved marble  
 tombs of fathers and mothers of Seville the  
 Catholic. I told the monk who was so nice and  
 interested in us and in subject conversation turned  
 to the subject of portraits of kings that I had just  
 painted H. M. in Madrid. It was genetic he  
 got rattled, colored up and the tears almost  
 came in his eyes. I told him there was something  
 about <sup>it</sup> in the paper and he said sadly he could  
 not read and they were not allowed to see the  
 newspapers any way but that he would get a  
 relation of his to read it and tell him about it.  
 Then we drove back to the hotel for lunch  
 stopping at the foot of a hill near the cathedral  
 on the top of which were the ruins of the old castle  
 of the kings of Castille of which Burgos was the  
 capital. We walked part way up the hill,  
 bare ground, and a few miserable little huts to  
 get the view of the town, cathedral and river.  
 Saw some little boys throwing dirt into a  
 ditch and at first thought they were fooling with  
 the workman's tools but on asking them we  
 found out they were being paid for it 2  
 pesetas a day and when we asked them if they  
 went to school they said once in a while. They  
 were about 10 or 11. After lunch we set out  
 again in an automobile to see the Royal

summary of Los Huecos. A mile away we  
 stopped to photograph a lot of women  
 washing clothes in the river, as they do all  
 round here. The running was very interesting.  
 So old, begun in the 11<sup>th</sup> century. Of course we  
 only saw the church, ~~but~~ and thought the  
 double screen and glass we saw the monks  
 chanting mass or something. After that we only  
 had time to stop for a minute in the Casa  
 Grande, now terribly dilapidated with  
 your guayule lying in a pile of the rooms  
 and the rest a ruin with old eggs and bits  
 in the patio which still showed fragments  
 of beautiful carving worked down to etc.  
 It was a very fine private house of the  
 Marques de Miraflores and a fine example  
 of a medieval house of that kind. The  
 Marques de Miraflores intended is one of the  
 Kings of Castile and I suppose of that  
 family. We got to the station all right with  
 all our baggage, 9 pieces, including the  
 portrait and just before we left the little boy  
 who runs the elevator, taking me my paint box  
 etc. said he was a painter too and took us  
 next door to show us with just guide on the  
 painting he had done of some Cardinal from a  
 large manuscript photograph. A useful color of



course but he had studied it hard and copied it  
 quite carefully. He said he was studying in the  
 old school in Burgos, and gave in the evenings  
 and when we got to the station I got his name  
 from one of his dinner and am going to send him a  
 photograph of my portrait of the King. The  
 trip was very beautiful, wild, rocky and  
 mountainous country, including Basque  
 country and little villages with of gray stone  
 with dull red roofs, all just the same color  
 as the gray and red rocks of the mountains.  
 The rivers came out and the sunset was  
 gorgeous, an occasional flower and a  
 rainbow. We arrived at San Sebastian  
 at 8.30, met by Hotel Bus and drove through  
 very prosperous modern city to the Contin-  
 ental Palace Hotel. Our rooms on the side  
 overlooking the sea and we could hear the  
 waves and see them clearly, breaking on the  
 beach right on the other side of the esplanade  
 lined with plane trees. So after getting settled in  
 but we went out to explore, walked along the  
 beach and then along the promenade de la Playa  
 which surrounds the little harbor, a perfect  
 shell shape. The promenade and all with  
 bathing pavilions under awnings all very formal  
 and well done. We walked along it and the harbor

as far as a place where it went through a tunnel under the gardens of monasteries, the summer palace, where the king mother spends the summer and where he stays with her during August, then back to our hotel to bed, speculating as we went on the lay of the land and the shore line as nearly as we could tell it by the lights in the houses and in some lighthouses we saw flashing. The hotel fire in every way.

Tuesday, March 8

Of course looked out the first thing to see what the harbor etc. were like. Much smaller than I had thought it in the dark but very pretty and neat, much as a beach with high rocky headlands at the entrance to the harbor and a little rocky island with a lighthouse on it in the harbor. The Boulevard de la Concorde and all the more neatly and formally finished with esplanade, walkways etc. and in about the middle of the beach built out from the esplanade the winter real or bathing pavilion of the royal family. After an early breakfast we started out in an automobile to get a little idea of the place before we had to take our train about 11. We drove up to the Casino, an elaborate terrace of offices on the top of one of the high headlands of the harbor, beautiful



view of harbor and the coast of Spain routes  
towards Bilbao and Santander. Then we  
drove round the harbor stopping at the bank  
to the picturesque inner fishing harbor across  
from the bathing beach. <sup>an arrangement</sup> ~~Arranged~~ of stone piers  
forming shelter for lots of little fishing boats  
and some quite big steamers and under the  
steep cliff the cottages of the fishermen. Back  
to the hotel to take the train for Carcasonne. In  
dining car and got both lunch and dinner at  
station restaurants. Lunch at Hendaye where  
we changed trains into  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to wait. It is  
just over the border in France and it was ex-  
traordinary the way the country changed immediately  
we had left the foot hills of the Pyrenees but  
Spain was still rocky and bare of trees with  
the rolling hills covered with fields of wheat, oats of  
red soil, gray green, and bare rock but as soon as  
we crossed the little river then separates France  
and Spain, the country began to be more  
wooded, more houses, the grass greener and the  
houses quite different. We had a wagonette to  
ourselves so far as Hendaye and after that for a  
while but at Toulon some people got in who had  
engaged on glass and we were moved into the  
next wagonette with 2 French women and an  
English woman, very attractive of that type, tall and

early, and later after getting a hurried dinner  
 in the station at Toulouse, we got on the  
 train again into a second class wagon where  
 a French officer was stretched out in the dark  
 trying to get some sleep. E. almost sat on him.  
 It was about 9.15 then and we very had an  
 hour and a half more so we sat in the dark  
 too and only had to get on the light and walk  
 him up when we reached Cascaes. Got  
 our baggage all off successfully and the  
 postman from the baggage car where it had  
 been since Monday. The French officials  
 not allowing us to leave the wagon and  
 it would have been impossible the train  
 was so crowded. Putting coin at Cascaes  
 but the hotel bus was at the station, Hotel  
 de la Cité, and we arrived safely. The journey  
 through France was interesting and we found  
 Lourdes, the cathedral and famous, quite  
 lighted into electric now plainly visible from  
 the train, but the country did not appear to  
 me as much as Spain does. Too much like  
 what we are used to whereas Spain is so  
 different and picturesque. Hotel at Cascaes  
 very good and wonderful interest up in the  
 ruins of the old city.



Wednesday, March 9.

Cloudy, pouring rain in the afternoon.

Of course I looked out the first thing, opening the shutters of the French windows and found we were way up above the town and right over the battlemented ramparts, within a stone's throw of the towers and castles. The ramparts surrounded the whole city on the top of the hill, with a double row of walls with towers at frequent intervals, two main gates with drawbridge portcullises and all and several smaller eastern gates. And inside the walls are the houses, the church of St. Lazare and all the little houses and winding narrow streets, the little squares with fountains and the little back gardens of the people. It is simply fascinating and for quite a while I couldn't believe it was real. It seemed like stage scenery it was so picturesque and romantic. We started out after breakfast wandered through the streets a little and then entered the fortifications at the Porte St. André which leads up into the town of justice. There were the guards and sentries etc. and we walked round into a house which had had part of his jaw removed by a Turkish gun in the place in the war. It was a wonderfully lost and by a stone wall a

black grates. He was a very good guide and took us the whole round of the hangars, which took until lunch time, going up and down towers, looking down into chimevents and water and towers used for mills, also into an open air <sup>angli-</sup> theatre built on the grass beside the hangars in one corner by the performances of the Vaudeville Truiesse. They have started there a few years ago and had the wall rising all right for sitting for the Vaudeville acts. It was all fascinating and very well started chiefly by Violet L. D. etc. about 50 years ago, they have just painted several plate roofs on the towers and according to an old 14<sup>th</sup> century house which the guide pointed out to us in the tower below the ones were not so painted and were tiled. The views were wonderful of course from every bit of it and especially looking S. W. across the valley and from the valley to the snow-capped Pyrenees. About lunch time it began to snow and blow quite a gale so we stayed in our rooms all the afternoon, Estelina a nap and Wise and I writing letters and I painting my name and address on the box the igloo is in. When we went down to dinner we found the son, ~~and~~ Theodore Frutkin.



Boers, whom we had met at Drekhov's last summer, friend of Mr. Malcolm Greenough's, had a table near us. We remembered them and went over and spoke to them and after dinner they joined us for quite a while. They had just been to Dunes and Arles where we are going and told us what to see etc. Still blowing and raining when we went to bed.

Thursday, March 10.

Still windy and quite cold but clearing and sun every now and then. Right after breakfast we went into the church of St. Lazaire right near the hotel and the ~~reservoir~~ <sup>reservoir</sup>. The hotel is on the site of the old bishop's home and is very well done. Its architecture ~~varies~~ <sup>with</sup> street, unobtrusive entrance and all fitting in the surroundings very well. They are building on an addition between the hotel and the church. The church was very interesting and very beautiful. The old Roman ~~and Visigothic~~ <sup>and</sup> columns are still there in the nave and the transept pure Gothic was built on by Louis IX. Beautiful windows. 2 rose one at either end of the transept and five tall ones 12, 13<sup>th</sup> + 14<sup>th</sup> century behind the altar. Very nice detail in the paving all through the transept, little Gothic figures etc. a lovely little church. After

that we wandered round the town a bit getting  
 some post cards, mementos, little poetry things etc.  
 then went to see the ramparts from the outside  
 first from the Porte de Carbonnais the only  
 entrance by carriage and automobile road into  
 the city. Very interesting and picturesque  
 into its drawbridge, portcullis and all across  
 the old moat. Took some photographs there  
 then walked round <sup>between</sup> the walls to the left  
 coming into the city again near the church and  
 the open air theatre. Then across to the Porte  
 d'Aude on the West side where a long ramp  
 leads up from the town and the entrance is  
 under the tower of justice where we began our  
 round of the ramparts yesterday. The whole  
 thing very picturesque from that side as the  
 ground falls away so steeply. After taking  
 some photographs there we went back to  
 the hotel and wrote post cards etc. for half an  
 hour till it was time to go to the station to take  
 the train to Digne. Very comfortable trip,  
 very good lunch on board and did not  
 have to change at Caste as Cook's directions  
 told us. A Frenchman in our compartment  
 who spoke English assured us we did not  
 have to and he was right to our relief so  
 with all our luggage and the portrait changing



trains is a bit complicated. Once over along the Mediterranean beyond Lille. country all vineyards and beautiful rainbow effect over the Cevennes mts. on our left, the mountains seen through an iridescent mist. Arrived at Nîmes about 4.30, drove to Hotel Luxembourgy where we found quite a lot of mail. a letter from Nanna after receiving our cable about the portrait. Had tea and read our mail rested etc. Very good dinner with a rum omelet cooked in a craping dish for us. Hotel all right in most essentials, rather shabby and of course awful furnishings, but food got, hot water and clean enough.

Friday, March 11.

Windy, cloudy with sun out occasionally. Started out about 9.30 in a taxi to go to bank, P.O. etc. and see the High spots of Nîmes. First the Roman Caracalla a perfectly lovely little Roman temple in wonderful state of ~~restoration~~ preservation. Museum inside of Roman antiquities, statues coins, pottery and bronze pieces etc. Then we drove out to the Jardin de la Fontaine, a formal park consisting of a series of balustraded walks and basins through which flow the water from a large spring

from the hill behind the gardens. On this hill is the ruin of a Roman tower, the purpose of its construction not known and in the gardens are remains of the Roman baths and a temple to Diana, a very picturesque and interesting ruin. We wandered all through the gardens and up the hill to the tower and when we came down joined the automobile again at another entrance and drove back towards the hotel expecting to see the Roman amphitheatre before lunch. But it was closed for the season so we only saw the outside. It looks wonderful and as it is within a block of the hotel we ought to be able to go there several times. Back for lunch and started out again at 2.30 in an automobile for the afternoon to drive to Uzès, Pont de Gard and other places. A very nice chauffeur who made a fine guide as he came from that part of the country and liked to show it off. The country rough and hilly gray crumbling rocks and scrub oak and white cultivated olives and vineyards. Uzès is a most picturesque and interesting town. Its chateau at the Place d'Uzès and still owned by that family and lived in



a few minutes of the year, is to see the pictures and types the hill on which the old town is built. A thoroughly maximised Parnian effect. When you get inside the city it was even more impressive. Quite different into a lot of the houses evidently unoccupied. Very few people in the streets. The whole thing like a city of the dead and everywhere doorways, corner towers with spiral staircases and other bits of medieval architecture. The main squares paved with wide Roman stones and all the buildings so old and so evidently ruins of very fine houses of this time. The church had a beautiful doorway and a bell tower quite a lot like the leaning tower of Pisa. The whole thing quite different in feeling and very interesting. The cathedral not open now to visitors because some tourists a few years ago cut a piece out of one of the old tapestries. The Duc de Uzès a very wealthy and gorgeous family but he can't get much revenue in the way of gifts from Uzès as the people seemed poor and disappointed and the chauffeurs and did nothing in the way of an industry. It is

quite noticeable how empty the towns are in France and particularly so how few children there are, after the screaming riots of Spain the contrast is striking when in driving through a village you see perhaps half a dozen. All the people seem to be old, only a few young women and very few young men. It's the war of course and it's interesting to me that all the children are about 10 years old, born since the war. After leaving Uzès we drove back towards Nîmes or rather on the second side of the triangle to see the Roman aqueduct at Pont du Gard. <sup>built by Augustus</sup> On the way we passed a place which had been the estate of the Baron of Castille and was now in a ruined condition and had been bought by some farmers who were selling anything of value in the region etc. It was built probably in ~~the~~ early 1800, a revival of the classic like Versailles, an elaborate colonnade etc. little temple, in which a funeral tomb which formerly had a beautiful marble figure etc., the chauffeur said had been almost destroyed. Soon after that we came to the aqueduct and it is simply wonderful. Three tiers of arches, of a



golden yellow stone, spanning the gorge of a stream the yard. a carriage and automobile road has been built alongside the base of the curved tiers of arches but is hardly noticeable not all from the up stream side. We got out of the car and walked up the various wooden paths, grown with bally bushes, to the <sup>top of the</sup> steep bank of the river, as that we were on a level with the top of it is almost so. There are steps built in it so that you can get up to the top and cross the river walking ~~across~~ <sup>on</sup> the very top is through the narrow passageway which the water went through. Well did the latter while three Frenchmen walked on the outside over our heads. The construction is marvellous, the arches wonderfully fitted no signs of bulging in 2000 years and all the stones put together entirely without mortar. The stone for it was quarried a few hundred yards up the river. It has been slightly restored in places but is a perfectly wonderful example of Roman achievement. It was to bring the water from the nearby hills to Rome and the surrounding towns. After climbing round a bit we had tea at a little café beside

the road almost under it, near which there is a large cave <sup>one</sup> occupied by cave dwellers as they have found various relics of that age there. After tea we drove back to Digne going through very picturesque country, little hill towns, one with a fortified church looking in the sunset colors quite like a fortified Parisian. To-morrow "if it is good time" as the concierge says we are going on an all day motor trip to Aiguës Mortes and other places. Crêpes Suzettes for our dessert for dinner, cooked by the maître d'hôtel in a shaping dish beside our table. This was cakes dipped in a hot wine sauce, very good but a bit indigestible.

Saturday, March 12.

Pouring rain so we decided not to go on our motor trip. Stayed in my room all the morning writing letters etc. After lunch still raining but we thought we'd have to do something so we went over to the Roman arena, just across the square from the hotel. Very interesting and in good state of preservation though somewhat restored. They have bull fights there 4 times a year. After-  
wards to the Natural History Museum and



collection of fragments of Roman stone work. Saw in the museum a fine collection of pre-historic relics found near the caves in the valley which the Roman aqueduct the Pont du Gard, that we saw yesterday, crosses. We saw the biggest of the grottoes which is right near the place where we stopped for tea yesterday and to-day saw at the museum things they had found there. Human skulls and parts of jaw bones etc. embedded in rock. and various implements of the stone and bronze age. Also a very interesting collection of models of Roman ruins made by a French architect Auguste Perret about one hundred years ago. Seeing several of the things we have seen here nothing came at that time before restoration. Then back to the hotel for tea and to bed. Saw in the Paris paper that Alfonso XIII is confined to his bed with a severe attack of grippe. Must be the same bug he was fighting when we left. This report must have been sent from Madrid Tuesday so I hope he is all right again by now, or would not anyway. Thunderstorms and pouring rain late in the afternoon and the lights all over the city kept going out for a few minutes at a time. Hope the thunder means

that I will clear up to-morrow.

Sunday, March 13.

Clear but rather cold and windy.

Wise has developed a bad throat and a cold and feels <sup>so</sup> rotten that he is going to stay in bed to-day and can't come along with us. We had planned to go to Aiguesmortes & Les Saintes Maries to-day places near the sea, but when Wise couldn't go we put that trip off until to-morrow is the hope that he could go then as he particularly wanted to see those places. E. & I started a little before 10. We drove first to a little place called Bannieres which has a ruined castle and walls on a hill overlooking the Rhone. Castle almost entirely demolished. a garden, benches, trees etc. inside its walls but the towers toward the river still standing and are still very picturesque when we looked at it after crossing by the modern bridge across the river. A little town, dirty and narrow streets crowded in below the castle between the river walls. We drove across the river was Tournon, with its old castle, King Rene's dwelling over the water which is rushing by fast and all the rivers are full into the spring tides. We stopped first at the old church after near the castle but did not go in as



there was a service going on. Watched the people  
 coming out, the women with little head dresses  
 like widows' peaks and then went over to  
 take some photographs of the castle. It is used  
 as a prison now and visitors are not allowed.  
 Drove on through Tarascon, a cheerful, attractive  
 town and into the country. Just before we  
 came to Les Alpilles, <sup>beyond St Remy</sup> little mountains of  
 extraordinary, gray, broken rock formation we  
 stopped to get out and look at two Roman  
 ruins beside the road - an arch and a mausoleum.  
 The arch is supposed to have been on the  
 Roman road through France into Spain and  
 commemorates Caesar's conquest of Gaul. Its  
 upper part is all gone but the arch itself is  
 complete and very beautifully carved. The  
 mausoleum stood beside it about 150 ft.  
 high with reliefs on all four sides showing  
 different battle scenes. Then we drove on up  
 into the Alpilles. Very high with wind-roads  
 and the bare rocky hills all around rising  
 abruptly from the plain which lies between  
 them and the Mediterranean from Arles on.  
 After driving quite a while through the Alpilles  
 we saw ahead a steep way with the ruins of  
 a castle on top, almost part of the rocks, it  
 was Les Baux, a town which had been more or less

portense and powerful in the middle ages  
 but which now is nothing but crumbling  
 ruins. 76 inhabitants live in <sup>some of the</sup> ~~some of the~~ few houses  
 are left standing in the narrow streets. Quite  
 nice, self-respecting people however. The tourists  
 are their sole source of revenue. We drove  
 up into the narrow streets into the broken rocks  
 and ruins above and stopped at the little inn.  
 Had a very good lunch, surprisingly so for  
 such a place and set out with our draughts  
 guide to walk over the place. Not interesting  
 and extraordinary. View from the top across  
 the plain and down into the deep valley,  
 said to have inspired Dante's inferno, was  
 wonderful. Terrific wind up by the castle  
 and particularly on the walls which you climb  
 holding on to a railing and look straight down  
 hundreds of feet into the valley and the road we  
 came up. Everywhere nothing but gray rock  
 and coarse grass. The rock of the houses what is  
 left of them is honey combed by the salt winds  
 from the Mediterranean. Lower down the  
 hill, near the hotel is the old church much of  
 it hollowed out of the cliff and the remains  
 of what were evidently very handsome houses.  
 The Dax was the castle of troubadour activities  
 and the castle of Lave etc. were built there.



The different Lords of Les Baux were very powerful men and the place was naturally rich a strong-  
 hold that its prestige lasted for many centuries  
 until the Viscounts had it destroyed as he did  
 many of the knightly castles in order to centralize  
 the power in the King. After leaving Les  
 Baux we drove down into the plain to Arles.  
 Very nice old city. Saw the arena, much like  
 Rome's except it hasn't the top story, and has  
 three towers built on by the Saracens. Like  
 Rome - it was used as a protection and one of  
 the city was inside it in the middle ages. Also  
 saw the Roman theatre. Very interesting and  
 beautiful proportions. Two of the columns of  
 the proscenium arch still standing. Great res-  
 tored about 100 years ago when they found a  
 lot of beautiful fragments of stone carving and  
 statues among them the Venus of Arles now in  
 the Louvre. Near we saw a copy of her at  
 Arles. She is lovely. Also saw at Arles the  
 church <sup>St. Trophime</sup> very old, 10, 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> century chisels  
 then went to Les Ales camps ~~off~~ an old Roman  
 burial place. A wall under pine trees lined with  
 tombs, ancient chapel at the end. Drove straight  
 home to Arles to find. Wise still in bed  
 and his cold not much better. He had gotten  
 up for a while in the middle of the day and

went back to bed to feel no better. Had tea and a delicious dinner with a wonderful waffle for dessert cooked especially for us.  
Monday, March 14.

Wine somewhat better but did not feel able to go with us as E. & I started off again alone. Nice sunny day but colder and windy, says the wind that brings good weather in Provence the craupers said. Drove to Aigues-mortes, passing a little village, the birthplace of Maitalm. Aigues-mortes most interesting. On the salt marshes about five miles from the sea, Louis IX (St. Louis) bought it ~~from~~ the site from some monks nearby in order to have a port from which he could set sail for the crusades, digging a canal through the salt marshes to the sea. He built the main tower Le Tour de l'enceinte and his son the rest of the ramparts and towers. It is very interesting a perfect example of mediaeval military architecture. It is roughly a rectangle enclosing I should say about 9 acres of closely built little towers and the rest of the salt marshes comes about up to the walls on the side towards the sea. The walls are golden yellow and the whole thing in perfect preservation being less noticeable but not less massive as a



at Camassone. We went up in the town of  
 Oristane, up a stairway into loopholes, walls  
 18 ft. thick, elaborate arrangements of fortifications  
 and places to drop things on people below. Two  
 main big rooms in the town, Salle des Guides  
 and <sup>above it</sup> a room where Huguenots were imprisoned.  
 One woman, Marie Durand, for 37 years.  
 They were and remained R.E. WHITE 2 in  
 the stone. These rooms have Gothic vaulting  
 and loopholes and barred windows. Went  
 up on top but it was too windy to really  
 enjoy the views. The Mediterranean, a dirty  
 yellow green, after we came down from the  
 towers 2 & 3 were round the ramparts about  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  of the whole distance trying to get a view  
 that would make a good picture, but much  
 missed. Came down and got in the holes  
 again and drove to see the fortifications  
 from the outside, then on across the marshes  
 to a little fishing village Grande Roi at  
 the mouth of the modern canal that leads  
 from Aigue-Mortes to the sea. Had lunch  
 there and bravely tried the dish of the country  
 Truillabaisse - 3 kinds of sea fish boiled in a  
 sauce of garlic, saffron, onions etc. Some of  
 the wine is served separately in slices of bread.  
 Not so bad and I never liked it but I didn't,

After lunch took some photographs of some of  
 the fishing vessels tied up alongside the  
 wall of the canal. Then drove on back past  
 Angel's water to Las Sto. Marías. We  
 crossed fields and miles of salt marshes  
 the Camarague as it is called. Occasionally  
 a farm house into a clump of cypresses, a  
 few cultivated fields but mostly a waste  
 of swampy grass and salt pools. The bulls  
 from the areas at dunes and arles are  
 raised here, <sup>also requetes</sup> but we didn't see any of either.  
 After a long drive when we thought the  
 Camarague was never going to end we saw  
 Las Sto. Marías a little village on a slightly  
 higher ground on the sea coast. It has  
 a little fortified church with a curious tower  
 and the legend is that the three Marys, Mary  
 the sister of the Virgin, Mary Magdalene and Mary  
 the mother of John the Baptist together with  
 their servant Sarah, an Egyptian negro,  
 were washed ashore here having been quite  
 adrift in a boat in Italy and started the  
 settlement here. The little church is full of  
 pictures and figures of themselves and their  
 boat and the tower of Sarah is the object of  
 a pilgrimage of gypsies twice a year  
 as she is their patron saint. The camp



perform miracles of healing by means of a well in the church and the altar are surrounded by discarded crutches and testimonials of people who have been cured - crude prints and framed paintings, framed rosaries of white cotton, wax crutches etc. all very queer and interesting. The funny little old man took us up in the tower where there is another chapel, full of crutches etc. and where there is the queerly arrangement that lets down the wooden coffer containing the remains of the dead. This is suspended way up over the altar and is let down for certain special occasions. We left Les Saintes Maries, driving back across the Camargue by another road to St. Gilles, a very old and picturesque town where we stopped to see the church. We were talking to a French lady and gentleman whom we had gone up in Tour de la Tour with at Arles and were going into the church with them when we saw a funeral coming towards the church. A couple leading with ropes two pall-bearers with coffin then about 10 or 15 or 20 men mourning. We had just got into the church when they came in but the French people said it was all right for us to stay, so we

stood at one side and entered it. They had  
 some tall candles <sup>on the floor</sup> forming a square in  
 the middle of the church and they set the  
 coffin down in the middle. Then the pall  
 bearers stepped back and the priest began  
 reading the burial service before the people had  
 really got in to the church. They stood ~~or~~  
 around and he went through the whole thing  
 walking round the body with the acolyte with  
 the incense and holy water or just standing at  
 the end of the coffin and reading the services  
 in the most perfunctory manner. Every one seems  
 to take it a bit that way and some of the  
 mourners were a bit more interested in us  
 than in the proceedings. When he finished they  
 picked up the coffin and all went out probably  
 to the cemetery. We went down into the crypt  
 very interesting ancient, Romanesque or later and  
 older, was the original church and is part of  
 which there are now behind the present  
 church. Home to find Wise much better. He  
 got up for dinner. Sat round the fire he had had  
 made in his room after dinner reading about a year  
 which we have in 5 to 6 - months. I saw in the  
 paper this morning that Alfonso XIII is quite  
 rich, losses pneumonia with pleurisy. It's a  
 damn shame and I don't like the sound of it.



The paper said the crisis would be Tuesday and that his sons were optimistic and thought he was getting on all right.

Tuesday, March 15.

Sunny but cold and windy. We packed out about 10 min all our luggage to drive to Avignon via Les Baux rather than we could see it. Went through Beaune and Tarascon but did not get out of the car this time, merely looked at King René's castle etc. from the car. Then up through the aligiers again by a different road crossing Les Baux from the other side across the deep valley. Wine tremendously increased in it. Walked round a little but not up on top as it was too cold and windy. After lunch started off again for Avignon where we reached about 2.30. Country picturesque farming district, houses and fields sheltered by rows of cypresses and wind breaks of reyes came to 7 kgs off the summit (N.W.) which was blowing all night yesterday. Stopping at Hotel 10 min, very nice, very modern and excellent in every way. Lots of Americans and English. In winter we had made this our center instead of Paris. After unpacking our luggage the chauffeur drove us to the Palace of the Popes where we said good-by to

him and he went back to business. An awfully nice man and a splendid guide and chauffeur. We were just too late for the 2.30 trip through the palace (they take people in batches) so we went up the wide steps to the cathedral beside the palace to look at that and to the gardens on the hill behind it. The church is very nice in some ways but the exterior is spoiled by a huge gold virgin that they have put on top of the old tower. The view from the gardens on the top of the hill behind the church was lovely, particularly that looking across the Rhone to Villeneuve and Fort St. André etc. The ruined bridge of Arignon almost under us. The guide book says that the old way was le pont d'Arignon probably would need low le pont as there was an island in the river where the bridge crossed a sort of an amusement park etc. After we came down we went back to the hotel as he was afraid the hours inspection of the palace would be too tiring and E. & I went in and joined the people waiting to be taken round. The guide came soon and we strolled about fifty people through the different halls and rooms and up and down towers stairs in towers. It was all very interesting of course and is a



fine building with walls 12 and 18 ft. thick and  
 every room has ~~private entrances and exits, stairs.~~  
~~inside two entrances and~~ <sup>audience chambers,</sup>  
 ways etc. The finest parts were the ~~chapel~~,  
 two stories or more high with Gothic windows  
 at each end and two rows of Gothic columns  
 down the center, vaulted ceiling etc. and the  
 chapel directly over it. The <sup>Gothic</sup> windows from which  
 the popes gave their benedictions to the people in  
 the courtyard below opens off a room next to  
 the chapel and is lovely. All through the building  
 there are various things of interest pertaining to  
 the popes who occupied it, making it something  
 of a museum, and there is a lot of restoration  
 going on, including of whitework off the walls to  
 reveal wall paintings and statues etc. In the  
 center of the big hall of the chapel is a round  
 stone altar with recumbent figures, a copy of  
 the one at Toledo of Archbishop (?) who was  
 bishop of Toledo and assisted at the coronation  
 of one of the popes. This has been given by  
 Alfonso XIII. after leaving the palace E. & W.  
 went back to the hotel, found wise arrangement  
 better and able to come down to dinner. Lots of  
 Americans and English. Dinner excellent. At the  
 foot of an open fire, saw in the paper that the  
 King is much better, temp. normal. As I feared  
 he's all right.

Wednesday, March 16.

Sunny and warmer, less wind. Wise had a rotten night, kept awake by his coughing, so didn't get up for breakfast. E. & I took a carriage and drove round for about an hour before their time, seeing the ramparts, the old bridge and the town and palace etc. from the bridge. Back to the hotel and all took the train for Paris at 11.12. Train very crowded, <sup>had been able</sup> ~~could~~ only reserve seats in one compartment and I in another. Four French-women got terribly excited because E. put his coat down on his seat while we were getting the baggage stowed in and sat in a French-man's seat not having understood which were <sup>our</sup> ~~my~~ numbers. Also cigarette box burst open on the station platform just as the luggage was taken aboard so we had quite a bit of excitement in getting off but finally got settled. Poor Wise felt rotten. He sat in one compartment with three English people and had a much better time of it than E. and I with ~~three~~ <sup>four</sup> stuffy French people who wasted everything about us. So after dinner we joined him taking two seats ~~the~~ whose owners had only appeared occasionally and enjoyed the glass etc. for he at once saw very much. Anglo taxis so much cleaner



<sup>small</sup> and really quite than the French, whom I don't  
like thoroughly though I admire their <sup>classiness</sup> ~~style~~  
and artistic taste. A rather tiresome journey  
relieved by fairly good meals. Arrived Paris  
9.15 drove to Hotel <sup>20 Ave. 103<sup>rd</sup></sup> St. Louis, very nice,  
clean, quiet and comfortable. Paris quite lovely.  
Thursday. March 17.

Warm and lovely. Wine still just  
rotten having had another bad night as he stayed  
in bed and E. sent for a Dr. who had been  
recommended by the Quakerly Trust Co. (Dr. C. J.  
Kobrin, 165 Rue de Valenciennes, Tel. Labord 1884)  
He said he would come before 12. E. & I went out to  
the consular office to see about our passage.  
Have decided on the Honoria sailing from Cherbourg  
March 30 due April 5 in New York, White Star  
line. Also went to the office of the Chicago Herald  
Tribune, 5 Rue Lafayette to ask them if they had any  
of the photos. taken of me in Madrid with the portrait.  
They had not but were giving a story to - a woman  
about me, Miss Taylor's from Madrid about the  
Picasso. and we seemed to be glad of the chance  
to get some more details to add to it. They also  
wanted a photo of me when we saw took them and  
there and he is coming to the hotel to-morrow to  
photograph me with the portrait. After that we took  
a taxi home to lunch to find wine feeling better.  
The Dr. had left a prescription and said he would see us

go out for a walk in the sun this afternoon, which he did and felt better by evening though still has a horrid cough. L. & W. went shopping in the afternoon for nightgowns and handkerchiefs and linen suits for Miss White and for me to give Sally a outfit for her boy. Also a new guinea for me and a red collar and kerchief for Mr. Pao. Letter from Cousin W. arrived.  
Friday, March 18.

Stayed in the hotel all the morning, doing a little painting on the portrait. fixing the signature etc. and varnishing it. E. went out shopping and came stayed at home getting up late. Better but still coughs. The photographer came at 2 (Atlantic & Pacific photos.) to take the photo. for the Chicago Tribune. As soon as they left L. and I went to get mangoes, Enrie and St. Honoré, and then to do some more shopping. I looked at fur as I am thinking of getting a coat for neckpiece. Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Price came to dinner. She is French and very attractive. I met them before at E.'s in N. Y.

Saturday, March 19.

Lovely day. The photo came out in the paper. Not bad of the portrait is the rest of photo. got a couple of me, very one eye. Mr. Arthur Pollen of London telephoned before



we were up and came up before we had quite finished breakfast & we were in business. A fine type of Englishman, very good-looking, about 60, flintstone collar, clean shaven. It is quite an anomaly on art. W. showed him the portrait and he seemed to like it very much. After E. & I had gone out he told Wine that they had no woman in England who could have painted it. That they didn't work hard enough. That he could see that there were years of hard work back of my portrait. E. & I did quite a lot of shopping and I decided on a fur piece 1800 francs at a place on the rue St. Louis. To be finished and delivered Tuesday. When we got back W. said Dr. Pollen had asked us all to lunch with him at Pons's, which we did staying there until 4 o'clock as he got talking on so many subjects, all interesting, situations during the war, spiritualism, and business. Specially and carefully, I think. Suits and white wine, wood-cock, pale & red wine and dessert, fruit etc. & merry. Wood-cock very good. Afterwards E. & W. & I did a little windowing and shopping, then back to the hotel. Wine dined with Dr. Pollen again getting back early about 9 as his train left at 8.40. I got quite a lot of mail to-day, a letter from

Mamma enclosing a clipping, the first page of the Boston Sunday Herald for March 16 with a story about me and a photo, one we had given them when they called her up for more information to add to the A.P. story from Madrid. Pretty quick time from Madrid the day before. Also <sup>two</sup> letters from Rena & me from Brookline.

Sunday, March 20. Lovely & warm & springy.

Wise had an appointment with his Dr. this morning to have his throat treated so E. & I went out to do some sight seeing. First to the Musée Carnavalet, the historical museum of the city of Paris, at the corner of the rue des Francs-Bourgeois and rue de Sévigné. Very interesting pictures of old Paris and relics of the revolution and portraits. afterwards wandered around the Place de Vosges, old and historic square, Victor Hugo lived in one house etc., Rachel the tragedienne in another, cascaded red brick, cream trimmed balustrad roofed houses with park in the middle makes the scene as it has been for a long time apparently. Afterward we went to see the Sainte Chapelle but found it closed so wandered over to Notre Dame then here to lunch. after lunch started out again to the Invalides



to the Popes' tomb, quite impressive setting  
 but ugly chocolate colored tomb that  
 spoiled the dignity of the thing for me. Then  
 to the Pasters, very interesting mural  
 paintings, liked Piero de Ravannes and  
 Jean Paul Laurens best, small stories  
 from lives of ~~St.~~ St. Gervase and  
 Jeanne 10' arc. Were taken through the  
 crypt with a crowd of other people. Then  
 west to the church of St. Etienne du  
 mont, very beautiful, mass going on.  
 E. got some rosaries for Kelly & E. and  
 the priest blessed them, opening a little  
 house lid at the foot of St. Gervase's  
 tomb and holding them inside for a minute.  
 Then we wandered round a little looking  
 for the Roman ruins of an arena that  
 we thought was somewhere decided they  
 weren't. Then to Reingelmeysers for tea  
 on the Rue de Rivoli. Very refreshing.  
 Took a taxi and drove through the Bois.  
 Beautiful. Crowds of people out and  
 the trees budding. Back to the hotel  
 to find the wife had had a long session  
 with some men on business. Dishes  
 and read aloud the Bible in Spanish.

Sunday, March 21.

Still lovely and warm. Digging again into E. all day. I hope I have almost finished. Went to see Pook's to tea. 11 Chateaubriand. Old breeding, studio nice. Baby nice husky light haired boy 16 months, lively to be spoiled I'm afraid. They have some beautiful old things including antique jewelry. Coming to the hotel to tea Thursday as they were to see the portrait. Apparently she has lost some of her enthusiasm for painting as she hasn't done any for a long time and talks about meaning to get at it etc. and will soon. I bet I could manage it somehow under similar conditions. I suppose her present interests have simply superseded it. Got back about quarter of seven found Wise still into Mr. Jewkef of the Winkles Co. who he has been into all day with business. He is rather late and need closed again tomorrow.

Tuesday, March 22.

~~Rained all day~~ Rather cloudy and colder. I took the portrait down in a taxi to be photographed. I made 2 sittings, and then went across to the magazines and bought and spent the rest of the morning shopping.



awfully pretty things and very cheap. Home  
to lunch after which E. + W. + I took a taxi to  
the Luxembourg where we were to meet  
Mrs. Price. Collection not much good. Sculptures  
better than <sup>modern stuff awful</sup> paintings. Afterwards went to  
St. Etienne du Mont again as that wise  
could see it and this time saw the old  
chisters with very old stained glass  
windows, 13<sup>th</sup> century. Then to Rungel-  
meyers to tea, then walked down the Rue  
de Rivoli and got a few things in the  
shops, called for my portrait and  
went back to the hotel to see a little  
while and dress for dinner at the Prices.  
Mr. & Mrs. Price and a cousin of Odette's  
were an army Mr. with rest of major.  
just back from Morocco but could not  
speak English. Nice modest Frenchman  
and covered with medals for bravery and  
distinguished service. After dinner we looked  
at photographs of the Prices' research in Cal.  
and I played the piano a little. Odette  
gave me some music written by her  
brother who died when he was very 20.  
Stayed until about 11.30.

Wednesday March 23.

Polemy rain. We went to the

Jeu de Paume, the annex of the Luxem-  
 bourg where the foreign painters are being  
 somewhat better than the Luxembourg.  
 A very good Zorn study. only two I argued  
 the Carmenita and a small portrait head.  
 an organ. interior of a cage, not awfully good  
 or representative collection on the whole.  
 The render of honors of the modernists ap-  
 peared perfectly trifling. afterwards we  
 went to the Cafe Vossin where Wise  
 had asked Mr. Zwickly, a Swiss business  
 man of the Winkler Co. to lunch. He came  
 bringing his wife, a nice, plump, gentle  
 nature, Dutch looking persons. They both  
 spoke English, he better than me, and our  
 conversation was in French most of the time.  
 They spoke a little Swiss to show us what it  
 sounded like, and though you could get a word  
 like German every now and then it was quite  
 different, sounded Dutch, and they said they have  
 to study German in the schools in Switzerland  
 but it is the language for letter writing and  
 some formal intercourse. After lunch we left  
 Wise + Mr. Z. to talk business where they  
 did until about 7 o'clock, while E. + I and  
 Mrs. Zwickly strolling, mainly in the  
 magasins du Louvre where I left both of the



big stores here. Dined at the hotel and to bed early.

Thursday, March 24.

Went this morning to get the photographs of my portrait, no good whatever, taken into too much light on the canvas. They insisted they could make another print that would be all right as they are going to have it ready tomorrow. After that I joined E. & W. in the Louvre and don't we went to the Ritz for lunch. After lunch went to the Sainte Chapelle, very beautiful, especially the stained glass, all decorated and painted inside as was all the Gothic churches originally. This is kept so well restored that it is a perfect example of the way they were when first built (Louis IX). As we were leaving a man came up and offered to guide us through the Palais de justice and conciergerie. He was an extraordinary person and would have been a fine guide, as he was well up in history, if he hadn't tried to be funny all the time. It was all very interesting and quite new to me. The underground cellars where the people were kept awaiting their trials in the Revolution, the cells of Marie Antoinette etc. When we came out I had to go back to the hotel as Miss Pook & her husband were coming to tea. W. & E. were in car. The guide and he took them across the river to

some awful dives. Revolutionary cafe's. one  
 in which Robespierre tried and had murdered  
 his personal enemies. dropping their bodies  
 into the sewers etc. underneath. It was an  
 awful place now they said, obscene drinks,  
 and signs saying only Revolutionary songs sung etc.  
 The Duts seemed quite thrilled by the pos-  
 ture and W. & E. came back before they left  
 as we all had tea together. They went us to  
 come Mon. or Tues. to their place but we  
 probably won't want to take the time as  
 there are so many things to be done & seen.  
 In the evening we dined at a Russian cafe,  
 Maisonnette Russe, 36 rue ~~de~~ <sup>near</sup> Tabac.  
 with the Prices. Very interesting. Little bit of  
 a place run by Russian aristocrats, music  
 all the time a bit too loud in such small  
 rooms. very good dinner. Two of the Russian  
 women and two of the men sang, in robes  
 and together, all quite high-class and  
 with a retro nice informal atmosphere as of  
 music at a private house. Had for soup  
 Russian Bortsch, very good, made of beets,  
 and cabbage & onion with whipped cream on  
 top. A Russian princess who reminded me of  
 Nina.



Friday, March 25.

Shopping in the morning. Photographs of the portrait no better. Destroyed the two prints I had to buy. Will have a talk in N. Y. came back early for lunch and we went to the musée militaire at the Invalides afterwards. Very interesting military museum of all periods from medieval armor to the late war. Thunderstorms and hailstorms during the afternoon with the sun out in between. After we left the Invalides W. went home and E. + I went to tea with a French family. The woman a sister of <sup>E.'s</sup> ~~the~~ French teacher in New York and the man a former professor at Columbia and Harvard. The daughter born in N. Y. was a typical N. Y. east side almost, and was crazy to go back. When she spoke English she was absolutely N. Y. and when French a typical French girl. Tea in the dining room round the big table. French fashion - The prof. began complaining about the French debt but the girl took the am. point of view as we did as politely as we could. Home for a quiet evening with the "Bible in Spain".

Saturday, March 26.

I went shopping again, got two nice dresses at the Magasin du Louvre, having first been to a dressmaker that E. Wilson gave

me the address of. Much too nice and expensive, models walking round in the clothes etc. Sat E. + W. for lunch at the Odéon. Very good lunch, the best we have had anywhere. Afterwards we went to the Arts & Crafts section of the Louvre. Beautiful things and some very interesting little galleries of painting by Manet, Delacroix, Boudin, Degas, Sisley, Monet, Pissarro etc. - the modern collection. There was also a contemporary exhibition of furniture etc. going on. The most hideous thing. Furniture designed by cubists, queer slanting lines, book shelves that kaleidoscoped, one section passing in front of the other along curved grooves in the floor. Awful modern paintings and sculpture and hideous color schemes. Book binding too, very eccentric and bad in design. Interesting to see how the Bolshevik in art is carried into house-furnishings. afterwards a few words on the Rue de Rivoli and home for tea. We were going to the theatre to night but were all so tired that we put it off till Monday. Showers all day Sunday, March 27.

Sunny but big clouds and showers off and on all day. We started



out about eleven in a closed car to  
 drive to Fontainebleau. I stopped for  
 lunch at a restaurant getting up like a  
 hunting lodge on the edge of the forest <sup>at Barbizon.</sup>  
 Big open fire with chickens roasting before  
 it on the spit, called Le Grand Peneux.  
 The forest was lovely, quite free from  
 underbrush, the trees big and their trunks  
 covered with moss and the ground rolling  
 a little with occasional rocks. It looked  
 just like the paintings of the Barbizon school  
 Diaz, Rousseau, Daubigny etc. and the  
 light to-day with the big clouds, seen light  
 on wet leaves etc. was just what they par-  
 ticularly liked. The drive through the forest  
 to the Palace was beautiful, the ground under-  
 near the trees covered with acorns.  
 The Palace was very interesting. It re-  
 minded me quite a lot of Versailles only  
 of course on a much smaller scale and not  
 so witty in its decoration. Being merely a  
 hunting resort for the King. Some of the rooms  
 were very fine however, especially the Salle  
 Francois I and the rooms of Regulus and the  
 Bourbon etc. of Louis XV was lovely.  
 The gardens and park are fine no over-  
 space. Rows of big trees and grounds were

mountains and camp almost 2 ft. long.  
 to come home through some lovely woods  
 picked some anemones and brought some  
 juncos from a girl beside the road.  
 They were selling them all the way  
 along and there were streams of bicyclists  
 riding along the road all with big bunches  
 of them tied on their backs or handle bars.  
 We couldn't see them growing anywhere  
 but the girl we brought ours of said  
 they grew back in the woods. It must  
 be a wonderful sight where they grow as  
 judging <sup>from</sup> the great number of them that are  
 picked they must be very plentiful. Hail  
 showers and rainbows and the cloud  
 effects beautiful.

Monday. March 28

Showers all day. Did a few  
 errands with Wise in the morning, going  
 to White Star Line to make sure there would  
 be no trouble about our taking our portable  
 or personal baggage. Back to hotel to  
 lunch and after lunch E. & I went and did  
 get cases at <sup>Reynolds</sup> ~~Reynolds~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>some for her.</sup>  
 were lost shopping. Theatre in the evening  
 with E. Wise not feeling quite over  
 his cold yet and ~~ought~~ <sup>not</sup> to go. <sup>but</sup> better not go.  
 Play very amusing, very clever and well



acted. A native on the Academie Française  
 L'Abbe Vert. Enjoyed it very much and  
 was able to understand a lot more of the  
 French than I expected to. Theatre Variete  
Tuesday, March 29.

Same kind of weather, showers but  
 more cloudy of anything. Our trunk went  
 to-day. In the morning did some more  
 last. Shopping not wise for lunch at  
 Claridges on the Champs Elysee. Big  
 place, nice and quiet, did not seem very  
 full. After lunch drove over to see the  
 Bazaar to get some Rubens brushes  
 which I found were not as much cheaper as  
 I had expected they would be here. Gilbert's  
 not very various such things. 1750 for  
 the little bottle was not <sup>at</sup> home. Also got  
 some old prints and an old map of part of  
 Spain for Wise. Went out to Versailles for  
 our last dinner in Paris. We leave  
 to-morrow morning at 8.45.

Wednesday, March 30.

Got off very comfortably. No trouble  
 at all about portmanteau, did not even have to  
 pack it but kept in passage outside our  
 compartment. Train left at 9.35 and after the  
 journey arrived Harbours, through various

didn't even open anything. On board the  
 tender at Harborway a young man who we  
 had seen at Cascaronne came up and  
 spoke to E. & me. He had driven down to the  
 train from the hotel there and had been so  
 pleased about seeing with the portrait  
 that E. told him who it was of. So when he  
 saw us again he remembered us. His name  
 is Homer Reed, Jr. as I noticed on his baggage  
 at Cascaronne. He has got some storing in  
 Italy and wants to show them to me on  
 the voyage. Got on board comfortably. Our  
 staterooms are fine, mine about twice the  
 size of the one I had on the Scindia. Whole  
 boat very nice, good dinner and tea, people  
 not at all interesting except the Dr. Sperry  
 one instructor of the gynecologic congress of gynecologic  
 stabilizers is on board. He has just been  
 lecturing at the Sorbonne. We know him  
 a most modest, quiet little man. To  
 bed early as we were all tired.

Thursday, March 31.

Slept late, got our steamer chairs  
 and read and walked round the deck a little  
 till 11.30 when I had my rails made up.  
 Mine didn't get up until lunch time.  
 Quite a blow and we got over a good deal



after lunch Mr. Reed joined us. He comes  
 from Phila. a bond broker, not very thrilling  
 but good-looking and quite a nice single  
 sort of person. He talked with us until about  
 4 when Wise & I went up into the  
 gymnasium. a lot of apparatus for  
 electric massage, 2 horses and a camel, a  
 nice young Englishman in charge. I tried  
 almost all the things and am going up  
 to-morrow morning for setting up exercises.  
 Ship pitched a good deal all day and  
 quite a lot of people sick. I felt a bit  
 dizzy sometimes and a little uncomfortable  
 in my stomach but felt better when I ate  
 something. After dinner Dr. Sperry joined  
 us. Very interesting indeed. He told us  
 about his interview with Mussolini  
 to whom he showed the models of his  
 gyroscopic compass and stabilizer. Also  
 told us about some new ships that are  
 to be built "Racers of the Sea", possibly  
 by Italy, will make N.Y. to Naples in  
 5 days. They get much speed because they  
 have a new invention a "bulbous bow" a  
 spherical swelling at the bow below  
 the water line which it has been dis-  
 covered saves for greater speed, like the

blunt nose of a porpoise, because it dis-  
 places so much water that the pressure <sup>forward</sup>  
 astern is increased. To these bulbous bows  
 Mr. Sperry has added two things like  
 antennae that will prevent the ship  
 pitching from bow to stern. They can be  
 drawn inside in calm weather. He also  
 told us about his lectures at the Sorbonne  
 and later on will take us up to the bridge  
 on the boat to see his "metal rive" mechanical  
 steering apparatus in action. It will be  
 very interesting and I hope he does. He  
 said the English were so conservative that  
 they did not accept his apparatus very  
 readily and that even though the record  
 showed how much straighter the course was  
 when "metal rive" was used the Capt. on  
 his boat did not always use it - was not  
 using it to-day because it was so  
 rough - just when he needed it most.  
Friday April 1.

Cloudy & rainy but sea smooth.  
 Walked with Mr. Reed for quite a while  
 as they went up into the gym and had me  
 sitting up exercises, quite strenuous but  
 a good thing, as I have got a little too fat  
 132 lbs. after lunch they read journals



in the big breeze. Quite amusing. Little wooden race-horses that are moved along a track marked out on canvas on the floor, according to throws of dice. People buy tickets and the pool is divided between those holding tickets of the winning horses, except a part of it which goes to the Seamen's fund. We took some chances but no luck.

Finally bought a ticket for each of the 6 horses which cost him \$3 and won \$2.50 on the horse which came in first. I had an appointment at 3 to have a massage so had to leave. After 5 got through I joined W. & E. in the gym. for a while then read. Then played shuffle-board and after dinner Mr. Reed sat with us and I showed him my album and also took him down to my state-room and showed him Alfonso's portrait. He liked it very much. Danced a little with him but the boat rolled just enough to make it a bit queer.

Saturday, April 2.

Still cloudy and stormy. Sea smoother. Walked with E. for a while then went up in the gym taking a little girl, aged 9, who is on board with her

father and mother, and rather elderly governess. There are no other children and she is quite bored and lonely. Thought the gym would amuse her and the exercise do her good and it did but her governess stood over her every minute, discouraging her attempts at sport she would overdo. She explained to me that she was an only child and they had to be very careful of her. Poor kid I hope they get another, younger governess for her. I did my exercises, quite strenuous, much to Clara's amusement. her governess not quite sure to be shocked or not when I and the instructor lay on the floor and waved our legs in the air. afterwards read history of France till lunch time. Haven't lost anything yet in weight but must soon as I am quite stiff and sore from such strenuous bending etc. After lunch we read for a while, then off in the gym again. all three of us. Also read about in the evening. Not a very nice voyage but a ~~Sunday~~ ~~trip~~ ~~3~~. good chance to get in fine shape with lots of sleep and exercising in the gym. To-morrow I is going to try the electric bath.



Sunday. April 3.

Exercised in the gym in the morning. After lunch showed Mr. Reed some of our photos and he showed us some things he had bought abroad. Gym again for awhile before tea and read aloud in the evening. Sea motion but windy and gray.

Monday. April 4.

Exercised in gym. for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. Then played shuffle board with Mr. Reed, a Miss Good and Mr. Richardson, the wife of Mr. Richardson at Mr. Reed's table. I was rather and Mr. R. & Scott. After lunch they had the prize races again in the lounge. Quite fun but we didn't have any luck. Met a Mr. & Mrs. Jack Haddon. Clara's father and mother and E. had told them about the picture ~~so~~ they wanted to see it so I took them down to my state room to see it. Mr. H. a member of the N.Y. Yacht Club. They were very enthusiastic. In the evening there was a ~~gala~~ dinner and dance with favors. We sat with Mr. Sperry and with a Mr. Moley who Wine had met in the afternoon, he being one of a group of men on board that Mr. Sperry had taken up with

the bridge to see metal "rills" work. Mr. M. introduced us to a Mrs. Powers, a woman who is travelling back alone having heard of the death of her husband a few days before sailing. She paints a little and is very much interested in pictures so I took her and Mrs. Morley down to see the grotto. She was very enthusiastic and wants to see my mother to-morrow. also showed my album to Mr. Morley and Mr. Sperry.

Tuesday, April 5.

A lovely day, sunny and no wind. I exercised in the gym. then played shuffleboard and quarts with Mr. Reed, Wise and Mr. Haddock. Mr. Morley had his moving picture camera on deck and took pictures of me and E. After lunch we talked for quite a while with Mr. & Mrs. Haddock. He is a member of the N.Y. Yacht club and they are crazy about boats, have had a little power boat that they cruised in. were at the races at New London last year. He says they want me to paint Claine some day. about 3.30 we went up on the main deck again for more shuffle-



board. I had just begun playing with E. and wire when Mrs. Powers and Mr. Malley turned up and wanted to see the portrait as we went down to my stateroom. Mrs. P. quite enthusiastic about some of the sketches, especially the balcony at Algiers. Mr. M. liked the portrait very much and wanted me to show it upstairs as several of the people on board wanted to see it. At the time made out my customs declaration and afterwards we looked for a place for the portrait and decided to put it in the smoke room where the dark gaselling didn't make the lack of a frame so bad. We put it up there before dinner and left it there all the evening and lots of people went in to see it and several spoke to me about it. Everyone likes it and I think it is a success.

Wednesday, April 6.

I gave Mr. Malley some of my catalogues and the art news clippings about Boras's portrait and he told me a little more about the portrait commission he may get for me in Saginaw. He says that he lives - a ~~bank director~~ <sup>president</sup> for the directors room

in a bank out there. Gym again for last time, have lost 3 lbs. Sunny but too windy on upper deck to play shuffle-board so we went in the gym again for awhile, then came down and looked at Mr. Sperry's model illustrating the principle of the gyroscope and his booklets on the gyro-compass and stabilizers. Then packed as our trunks had to be ready at 7. We passed the Hatteras Lightship this morning at 8 and the Fire Island Lightship at 5 this afternoon and by evening were stopping off Sault Hook to take on the pilot. Dropped anchor off quarantine about 8, too late to get things and dock so we stay on board and dock tomorrow morning about 8.45. A rather quiet last evening though there was dancing as usual, but everyone's trunks being gone only a few people dressed for dinner.

Thursday, April 7.

Was called about 6.30. The ship got underway again and left quarantine and went up <sup>W. 14th St.</sup> the harbor about 7.15. Docked about 8.30. Mail was brought on board from quarantine at 5 had letters from Emma, E. V. Barry & Katherine and a telegram from



Brookline, asking us to dine with them in N.Y. Thursday night, afterwards on the dock Miss Fraser gave me 2 letters from Lisa that had come to the office. As we were getting off the boat some newspaper photographers spoke to us, three of them, and asked us to come out on the deck where they took lots of photographs of us. Afterwards as we went down the gang-plank a reporter came up to me and five others stood near, while he interviewed me and copy for a short news story and gave the facts to the others afterwards. He said that the Boston Globe wanted an interview for a full page feature story and that this reporter would come to see me at 194 Riverside Drive or after I got to Boston. Also some of the photographers wanted to come to 194 Riverside Drive to take pictures of the portrait. Brookline and Elizabeth Wittle and Mr. Roosen and Miss Fraser (Wise's secretary) met us on the dock. We got through the customs quite quickly. Had to pay \$4.6 duty. 20 dollars was on my fur neckpiece. E. only 15 but of course we and wine between them had \$200 exemption and I hadn't bought anything. After we

got through we drove up to 194 Riverside Dr.  
 in three taxis with our trunks and all. E.  
 Wittle left before we started but B. came  
 along and stayed while E. & I repacked our  
 trunks a little and showed her some of the  
 things we brought. Then we left to lunch  
 with Jim, after lunch E. & J. just stayed and  
 waited while Wise went to the office.  
 We dined with B. & J. at Marguerite's. Jim  
 was interested to hear about my feelings  
 some of the details of which I told him.  
 Ben Wood can start right in finishing up  
 the portrait. He is going abroad April 22. Have  
 a sitting for to-morrow at 10. Wise says he  
 is much impressed at my painting all round  
 and will value his portrait all the more be-  
 cause of it, which is natural. Called up  
~~Friday~~ B. & J. and T. & S. Dale. all well and  
 I am going down to T. for Sunday.

Friday, April 8.

Wise took me down to my sitting  
 with Ben on his way to the office. I found  
 I had forgotten the easel - (I thought I  
 had left it at Ben's) and had to send  
 my address up to the office. Got  
 on finely with sitting. Ben seems im-  
 pressed and interested about my painting



afternoon. Another sitting to - morning at  
 the same time. afterwards met B. & W. for  
 lunch at Hendrix's. (had asked Kelly  
 Rogers and E. but they couldn't come)  
 B. & I finally went to Alice Foote Macdougall's  
 as we thought we might as well go to a  
 cheaper place as long as we were the  
 only ones there. after lunch I came  
 back to the apt. as Kelly had tele-  
 phoned to B. & I that a photographer  
 was coming to take my picture with  
 the portrait. He came about 4, I met  
 national news service and took about  
 9 pictures. a little later a woman re-  
 porter telephoned and wanted to interview  
 me for a Sunday feature for the  
 Boston Globe. She came in the evening  
 Nancy Morris of the N.Y. World, a  
 very light, shilligee girl. I arranged  
 to go Mon. P.M. to the world office  
 to see what she will write before she  
 sends it to Boston.

Saturday, April 9.

Another sitting, rather a  
 short one as B. & I had to get to the  
 office. Lunch with W. & E. at Hendrix's.  
 3.45 train to Trevelyan where K. & E. met

me at 4.35. I drove by the flying  
 field in Bristol on the way to Farnborough  
 and saw the place, American Legion,  
 built by Elliott's company, now called  
 The Keystone Aircraft Corp. for Lieut. Com.  
 David Davis to fly from N. Y. to Paris  
 in competition for a \$25,000 prize offered  
 by O'Reilly, a N. Y. newspaper man for  
 the stunt. Such to K. & E. is disappoint-  
 ment Davis had come down that after-  
 noon and had taken the plane up for a  
 trial flight. All the other officers of  
 the company had been there, and there were  
 newspapers & movie men and quite a crowd of  
 people but no one let K. & E. know so they  
 missed it all. Sally had telephoned when it  
 was all over that Lieut. Com. & Mrs. Davis  
 were coming to spend the night with K. but  
 we found out at the place, where we saw  
 George Post for a minute, also some of the new  
 people connected with the company, that the  
 Davises had decided to go to Farnborough as he  
 was not well. We drove in to Farnborough  
 after supper to get some tricycles for P. & H.  
 (P's birthday on Tues.) and Sally & Phil were  
 there when we got back and spent the rest  
 of the evening.



Sunday, April 10.

K. & E. & I were out on the boat. Sailed around a little then came up to the messing for E. to adjust the stays which were too loose. After lunch got ready for a tea party. K. had asked 10 or 12 people to meet me and 2 cousins of Anna Porter's Miss Newton's. Met Mrs. Mrs. Biddle and talked chiefly to Aline Huff and a Mrs. Chamberlain of Torredale. All much interested and asked many questions about all our. Went to the Porter's to supper. Talbot read about the Times newspaper account of the flight. The press will have wonderful publicity as the Times has arranged for the story of the flight by radio with Davis. K. & E. drove me to Trenton leaving the P.'s about 10 minutes before 8 and we just caught my train at 8.30. K. driving. Miss Sanborn had been to supper with W. & E. and E. Wicks had left for Baltimore at 4.

Monday, April 11

Had a sitting with Ben. got quite a lot done on Larks and agree to finish lead to -morrow. Ben wants his friend Mr. Pelli to see to as soon as I am ready. Perhaps after to-morrow. Met E. for luncheon at Davis's. W. 46 B St.

Then went to Juley 219 E. 39<sup>th</sup> to see his photograph of the portrait. It is fine and I told him to go ahead and make 12 glossy and 6 semi-glossy. Then went down to see Miss Davis at the World Building, Brooklyn Bridge station of the Lex. ave. subway. Read over her article into her making a few changes. It is going to be O.K. I gave her the photo. (Juley's) of the portrait to send on with the story. Then got a football for a Thursday present for Peter and took the subway up to 42<sup>nd</sup> street where I had to change. Trains were so crowded that I went out to the street. Left my goods to be waiting at a little place the corner of 42<sup>nd</sup> St. + 6<sup>th</sup> ave. and took a taxi home. Found E. having tea with some.

Albro, her French teacher. Talked with her today down before dinner. B. + J. came. Jim liked the portrait very much. We got C. D. on the tel. at the City Club. W. 44<sup>th</sup> and arranged for B. + me to meet him for lunch to-morrow. He is coming up for dinner to-morrow night. A letter from Madame saying that the Boston Herald and Post want interviews and the Prof. W. Morris Clark wants me to make an address on my experiences. I like the idea



but suppose I may have to do it.

Tuesday, April 12.

Lonely and warm and springy. Had a sitting with Ben. It went pretty well. He had a cold & felt rotten and I've got to get back to working broadly on it for the big effect. Will paint on it to-morrow as if it was my last chance and perhaps will finish it. Some people writing from Boston though also want to see the house so we shall be interrupted I'm afraid. After the sitting went up C. C. Burdard's office to meet C. D. He & B. & I lunched at Andre's then I went to the Academy. Didn't think much of the show. The middle room a regular number of horrors but I was glad to see they have given the prizes to straight painting. Mrs. Pon was in charge. Had a little talk with her. She had seen about me in the papers and wanted to know all about it. Introduced me to three men, artists I'm quite sure. One of them was Cullen Yates. Can't remember the others. Came home to write letters and rest. Wife got home about five. Had been to the Yacht Club where they were much pleased with the result of his audience with the King and

wanted to know when they could have the portrait. Some talk about exhibiting it at Knowlton's first. C. D. and W. S. & Mrs. Brown came for dinner. C. D. brought me a lot of mail and the first letter I opened was from Mrs. G. of Wadsworth writing to know my prices for portraits as she was on a committee to arrange for a portrait of the head of Simmons College. I had to let the rest of the mail go till after the Browns & C. D. had gone but it was quite thrilling. A notice from the Conn. Acad. of F. A. that I had been elected a member, a request from the D. A. Women S. & P. to come as a delegate for the Ass'n at Convention of the Am. Fed. of Arts in Boston May 18-20. Am going to do it.

Wednesday, April 13.

Sitting with Ben. & went much better and I practically finished it. Some women friends of his from Boston, a Mrs. Shearn etc. came about 12. They are sailing for Europe and wanted to see Ben's house. They seemed enthusiastic about the portrait, especially a Mrs. Knowlton of Wadsworth, the sanest and most intelligent of the lot, but unfortunately



The one with the least money apparently Ben's friend Mr. Petti. who was 30 years with Knodler and who's opinion he values is coming to-morrow to see it. I had lunch at the Dolly Madison restaurant on Madison ave. above 57<sup>th</sup> and then went up to a meeting at the Nat. Ass'n of W. P. & S. at 17 E. 62. stopping in one or two Madison ave. stops on the way to look at diseases. Meeting not very impressive. Mrs. Crookling (pres.) presided. Left a little before four and took a taxi. There is a photographer was coming from the Keytone Photo Service. He took 3 flashlights of me and the portrait. Listened to the radio and wrote notes in the evening. Everyone quite excited about the fire in the Netherlands Hotel. 54<sup>th</sup> St. & 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. last night. Said it was a wonderful sight. The scaffolding on the high tower burning like a torch.

Thursday, April 14

Sitting with Ben. An actress he knows (Eleanor Williams) had been in last night and was crazy about the portrait. She wanted to meet me so Ben asked her to come this morning at 11.30 when Mr. Petti was coming. Mr. P. came first. About 80

very fine looking old gentleman. Had a good many minor criticisms of the portrait most of which I fixed while he was there. The other things, like keeping the laying on the wall further back in the picture, and asking him smile a little I was going to do anyway and will to-morrow. Miss Williams was very enthusiastic, thought it a wonderful likeness. She is here in a play called "The Charges" wants me to call her up when I am in town again so that she will arrange for me to see it - Got lunch at Model's opposite Grand Central, did a few errands and then came home to get ready for the tea party &c. Had asked to see a foreign portrait. Eleven people came. All enthusiastic, especially Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Hitchcock. They were Mr. & Mrs. Arthur. Poon, Mrs. Oppenheim, Mr. & Mrs. John Greenough, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Bartlett Mrs. Devereux & Mrs. Ames (who lives in the apt. below). In the evening Miss Helen Taylor, 227 Park ave. came to interview me for the Boston Sunday Post. She will bring the article to-morrow afternoon so that I can look it over. Wise has decided that he can not have Sea Lady in commission this season. Business has not been awfully good lately. Just



when he needed it to finance all the im-  
provements in the shop and equipment  
and to put his new presses on the market.  
E. will get a small power boat so that  
we can get off on picnics up the Essex  
River etc. at least. A great disappointment  
and I feel that he might have had the  
money if he had not spent it for taking me  
down and for Love House but he says  
that he is glad he did it and that even if  
he hadn't done those things that he  
wouldn't have felt he ought to have  
had Sea Lady his summer with all  
the money that is needed for the business  
owing to the improvements to the plant made  
this year, the expense of buying out his  
new presses and other inventions, combined  
with the feeling off of regular business.  
To-day is E. & W.'s 37<sup>th</sup> wedding  
anniversary.









